THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 45, N°. 11, for November, 1814.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. GROUNDLESS JEALOUSY.
2. Fashionable COSTUMÈ for December.
3. PATTERNS for BORDERS.

CONTENTS.

Groundless Jealousy (*with a Plate*) page 503
The Adopted Child, 504
On Gaming, 509
The Highland Hermitage, 511
Visit to Vallombrosa, 515
Switzerland, in 1790, 517
The Dutch Patriots, 520
Otway and Mrs. Barry, 524
Anecdote of Mr. Pope, 526
On Economy, 527
Morpeth Castle, 529
Aubreyana, 531
The Forest of Bondy, or the Dog of Montargis, 532
French Anecdote, 533
Dublin Wit, 534
Corporation Joke, 534
Singular Criticism, 534
King James and the Steeple Climber, 534
Quaker Anecdote, 534
Anecdote of Lord Bolingbroke, 535
Ditto of Garrick, 535
Bon Mot of Charles Townsend, 535
Ditto of the Duke of Orleans, 535
A natural Death, 535
Remains of Voltaire, 535

POETRY.
Ode on Thomson's Birth-day, 536
Stanzas by Mr. Bland, 537
Stanzas from Waverley, 537
Parody on the Wounded Hussar, 537
Lamentation of a single Woman over her Child, 538
Lines on a Lady's Compliment, 538
Rondeau, 538
Genius, by Mr. Crabbe, 539
Song of Dwina, 539
Fisherman's Song, 539
To Fanny, 539

FASHIONS for December, 540

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.
King's Theatre, 541
Theatre Royal Drury Lane, 541
Theatre Royal Covent Garden, 542

BOOKS recently published, 543
Literary Intelligence. 543

CHRONICLE, 544
Births, 548
Marriages, 548
Deaths, 548

LONDON:

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where Fav— from Correspondents continue to be received.

AMERICA being now the only scene of warfare, in which we are engaged, a large portion of the public interest is directed towards that quarter. We shall, therefore, give a few sketches of the country in our subsequent Numbers, written by a recent trans-Atlantic traveller, exclusively for The Lady's Magazine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The continuations of "*The Author's Portfolio,*" "*The Matron's Society,*" and an "*Enigma,*" shall appear in our next. The fair authoress will shortly receive a private letter from us on the subject of her Enquiry.

The "*Lines on a Rose found in an Alcove,*" shall have insertion.

Mr. Webb's "*Essay on Humanity,*" in our next.

"*The Hermit of Mount Taurus,*" shall also appear shortly.

Mr. Lacey's excellent observations "*On the propriety of sending Female Children to boarding-schools,*" and his "*Lover's Invocation to the Moon,*" came too late for insertion this month; but they shall have the earliest insertion.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE

For NOVEMBER, 1814

Groundless Jealousy.

(From Adelaide, or the Countercharm.)

With a Plate.

Although the poignancy of Adelaide's sorrow yielded to the influence of reason and religion, and that its external aspect became less and less perceptible, yet still a lively remembrance of it was cherished in her heart, and De Moreland Castle became her favourite haunt; for within its walls were the remains of her tenderly loved parents, and in the library hung a fine portrait of her uncle; and as in the library of this ancient castle she now passed many a pensive hour, amongst her researches for more and more knowledge, she found a manuscript volume of instructive tales in German, the moral so unexceptionable, the language so beautiful, that, charmed to enthusiasm, she took the volume with her when she returned to the priory, as she thought Mrs. Falkland would find pleasure in perusing it.

Adelaide was not mistaken. Rosalind was charmed with the tales; so much so, that she regretted extremely her not being sufficiently versed in the German language to translate them with the elegance and animation of the original, or she would put them in an English garb, and present them, as a most valuable and acceptable offering, to Lady Beechbrook, for the edification of her daughters.

Mrs. Falkland wishing to have these tales in English was sufficient to animate the grateful and affectionate Adelaide with an ardent desire to translate them for her; and the first opportunity she could find for speaking to her guardian unobserved by Rosalind—an opportunity which her anxiety to obtain led her to remark a singularity in finding a difficulty in meeting—she timidly inquired, "If he thought her competent to such an undertaking?"

Falkland wishing his beloved ward to enter upon some novel employment that might interest her, and anxious, too, that her gentle, affectionate attentions to his self-tormenting wife should not be annihilated by the repelling, ungracious change in Rosalind, gave her ardent heart high gratification by assuring her he thought her fully competent to accomplishing her undertaking.

Adelaide "begged her attempt might be kept a profound secret from Mrs. Falkland, whom she wished to surprise and puzzle by conjectures of who the translator could be, as she determined to have it beautifully printed and bound, and sent anonymously to her; and no one but her dear, kind, indulgent guardian, from whom she never had, never would keep any secrets, should ever know she had been so presumptuous."

The paternally adoring tenderness of Falkland, aroused by this artless burst of grateful affection's enthusiastic feeling, pressed Adelaide to his bosom with the pure fervor of an attached father of a darling child, and, unfortunately, in the very moment the warily watchful Rosalind entered the adjoining room, from whence she beheld them; and her senses seemed about to suffer anni-

hilation when she perceived Falkland was about to speak, and she determined to lull her direful agitation to learn all, although that all might shake her reason from its seat for ever.

"Success to your pleasing undertaking, pride of my anxious and well rewarded care!" Falkland said: "and would you know the moment you are dearest to my heart, my child, it is when, as now, you evince your affection for my adored wife."

Falkland, tremblingly alive to the apprehension of being discovered by the suspicious Rosalind in *tête-à-tête* with Adelaide, now bade her a hasty adieu; when Mrs. Falkland, fearing detection in her degrading station, rapidly fled to the sanctuary of her own boudoir, there to ruminate upon all she had witnessed: but however gratifying the words of her husband sounded, when they fell upon her devouring ears, they were now industriously perverted by the baleful passion which had usurped the candour of her hitherto amiable heart, and placed to the supposition of his having observed her in her ambush; and now the doubts, the suspicions, the anguish awakened by the embrace she had seen, were only encouraged and remembered.

Adelaide had commenced her undertaking about a fortnight ere Falkland ventured to De Moreland Castle, where, for the security of her secret, she determined principally to execute her translation; but while he inspected the beautiful blossoms of her promising labour in the library, seated side by side with her at a table, the door was suddenly burst open by Rosalind, who in direful agitation stood before them.

"So! so!" she murmuringly articulated, in the hollow tones of soul-harrowing despair, "I have not been misinformed, and I hav[e been] rightly guided hither to detect y[ou]."

Adelaide, who only thought of [her] translation, not once conceiving that jealousy was raging in baleful influence upon the enlightened mind of Rosalind, innocently exclaimed,

"Oh! how provoking! Who could have discovered my secret now, and told you of it, to spoil all my plans?

"What! do you confess them then? You glory in them! Oh, shameless girl! Perfidious Falkland!" exclaimed the almost maniac Rosalind, one look at whom had aroused the most powerful terror in the mind of Adelaide; who in anguished grief conceived, from the ghastly hue of her complexion, the expression of her eyes and countenance altogether, that the most direful of human maladies had assailed her.

But soon the dismay of Adelaide was changed to another source; for Rosalind, uninterrupted by her indignant, heart-riven husband, burst forth into accusations against the faith of Falkland, the innocence of Adelaide, with all the ingenuity of inventive torment a jealous imagination could devise; while Adelaide, convulsed by all the tortures of wounded delicacy and calumniated purity, sobbed in anguish.

The Adopted Child.

(*Continued from page* 458.)

"The intelligence of servants," answered Mervil, "ought never to be credited. Through this polluted channel, how many reputations are stained, if not destroyed! Their censure should not be listened to, because it either arises from a grounded pique, or an idle propensity to repeat more than they hear, or know. They think it an indication of their

own importance to recite stories of their masters."

Tudway said, that he thought the commendations of servants often the justest praise bestowed.

"In some cases it may; but it is frequently purchased by lavish extravagance, or improper indulgence. I do not mean however, to enter into a disquisition of the merits or demerits of servants. I only wish to convince you, that your intelligence is without foundation."

"Whether it be so, or not," said Tudway "Marina cannot henceforth be any thing to me. I am indifferent to her; and her present exalted situation places her beyond my reach. It is a weakness, I acknowledge—it is folly to love without hope—and yet—no, curse me if I love her either—but I could have loved her even to madness. She is a woman, that would fire the breast of an anchorite; and to tell you the truth, Mervil, I have often wondered at your stoical equanimity."

"I will explain to you," said Mervil, "what to a mind like yours must appear extraordinary. When Miss Cavendish came into our neighbourhood, report had propagated that she was the marquis's niece. I knew it was impossible; and concluded she was the daughter of that unfortunate lady, whom he deserted to marry the present marchioness. Prejudiced against every one, who descended from him, though the rustics in the valley talked much of her affability, and beauty, my curiosity slept. If she were an angel, said I to myself still she is my uncle's daughter! I was revolving in my mind the pleasant scenery of my youth, when her fascinating form appeared before me. —I gazed for a moment with such feelings of admiration, that I confess for a moment I forgot she was my uncle's daughter; but as I escorted her to our cottage, my fingers involuntarily pressed the fatal shilling.—The illusion vanished—every charm was faded, and I saw her depart without emotion. My mother was delighted with her. Frances declared she could almost love her uncle for this daughter's sake (they, like me, knowing she could not be his niece.) I saw her every day—my prejudices weakened—I accused myself of want of fortitude—I incessantly reproached myself—I was alarmed when I found in my heart an inclination, which might undermine the rooted abhorrence I had planted in childhood. I had nursed it with such sedulous care, that it was become, both from education and sentiment, like some favorite exotic to the enamoured botanist. — I saw the spoiler approaching to pluck it away.

"I barred every avenue—in vain—it still stole on. No resource remained but flight! Hither I came; and the plant of prejudice flourishes again in its full vigour. I shall rejoice to hear of Marina's happiness with a worthy man; and shall, with pleasure, be confirmed in the opinion that she does not resemble her father; but I can never again forget that she is my uncle's daughter.

"What, a quiz thou art!" said Tudway. "Thou art verily, in act, and deed, a confirmed stoic. Cato, Zeno, Plato, and Diogenes were fools to thee.—Go get a tub, and sail round the world, and I defy thee to produce such another. Why, thou art like the savage Indian, in whose breast revenge surmounts every feeling. But oh, Mervil, beware!—Believe me, thou art not such an hero as thou fanciest. Had Marina beheld thee with a partial eye, whither would thy prejudices have gone? To the winds take my word for it."

"You are mistaken," said Mervil: "Could I, for a moment, sup-

pose Marina possessed the least partiality for me, I would never see her more."

"Your humble servant," replied Tudway, "it's all very fine: but if I could only flatter myself that she felt (delightful idea!) the smallest spark of affection for me, I'll be cursed if I would not blow Macduff's brains out, and carry her to Scotland the next minute."

Tudway and Mervil were as opposite in their natures, as fire and water; for the fierceness of the one could be allayed, at any time, by the mild coolness of the other; consequently their opposition of sentiment never amounted to disagreement.

Tudway thought Mervil the worthiest fellow in the universe; for whose interest he would have sacrificed his own; while the openness, candour and generosity of Tudway's character had long procured him the esteem and friendship of Mervil.

The papers, in a few weeks, confirmed the marriage of Marina; and various were the argumentative debates of Tudway and Mervil upon this extraordinary event. Tudway endeavoured to lose the remembrance of it, in continual dissipation; and Mervil's prejudices became stronger than ever.—From the duties of his profession he derived pleasure; and in the study of philosophy he sought a solution of the contradictory conduct of Marina. It was impossible to reconcile her marriage with her delicacy of sentiment; therefore, bewildered in the labyrinths of error, and logical definition, he still continued perplexed with doubts, but resolute in prejudice. He had written to Lord Delafonte his determination never to seek a reconciliation with his uncle; but promised to take the first opportunity of visiting Hargrave Place. Mr. Dupont's being in England was an additional inducement. With some difficulty he obtained leave of absence, and, accompanied by Tudway, set sail for England. They landed at Bristol; and, in the evening of the same day, arrived at Dean Wood—but how was Mervil surprised at beholding the cottage windows barred, and all the doors fast! Tudway and he, with their two servants, examined every avenue, which led to it; but none of the family were to be found. His mother, in her last letter, had mentioned no intention of going from home, and, fully convinced that at night they would return, the travellers sat down under their favorite tree, in the certain expectation of seeing them. Anxiety for his mother and sister occupied all Mervil's attention; Tudway, having in vain endeavoured to laugh this away, amused himself with examining some characters, engraven on the bark of the tree. He beheld his own name in several places. The song also, which he had given to Frances, was annexed to it. He examined it nicely—Who could have written it?—None but Frances, it was evident, had marked any letters there. The characters were all the same. Alive to every emotion of sensibility, a new idea arose in his imagination. Frances, lovely, artless, and innocent, was an object equally as attractive as Marina—he was astonished at his own blindness—and, approaching Mervil, with that eager haste, which usually marked his manner, thus began, to the astonishment of his musing friend:

'I am cured of my passion for Marina, and yet I am in love to desperation.'— Mervil could not help laughing. 'What new whim have you got into your head now?' said he. Mervil was about to reply when his servant advanced, with the following intelligence:

'He had seen the old man, who used to bring them provisions from the neighbouring town; and who now told him that an express from a great lord had carried madam, miss, and old Catharine, away a fortnight ago. — Where they were gone he could not tell; neither did he know when they would return.'

'Lord Delafonte has certainly sent for them! said Mervil. I will this instant set off for Hargrave Place.'

Fidway would most willingly have accompanied him, but he was a stranger to Lord Delafonte; therefore, after having engaged Mervil's promise to meet him at Strawberry Hall, in the course of ten days, they separated. Mervil, after travelling all night with the utmost expedition, arrived at twelve o'clock on the following day at Hargrave Place.

The servant, who opened the door, informed him Lord Delafonte was not at home, and would not return till the evening.

Mervil asked for Lady Delafonte.

"My lady," answered the man, "never breakfasts till two, and its more than my place is worth to offer her any names till then. If you will leave a card, sir, I will certainly give it to her, when her ladyship calls for her messages.

Mervil then inquired if a Mrs. Mervil was there.

The man knew of no such person; and Mervil, fatigued and disappointed, was under the necessity of quitting the house, after having left his name, and promised to call in the evening.

Distressed beyond measure at having gained no information of his mother, and sister, he waited, with the utmost impatient anxiety, at a paltry ale-house in the neighbouring village, till eight in the evening; when he once more returned to Hargrave Place.

The same porter again appeared. Lord Delafonte was not at home, and was not expected that night. Lady Delafonte's servant had delivered his name, and was desired to inform him that she saw no company.

This deliberate incivility roused every particle of affronted pride in Mervil's bosom—he turned from the door with indignation; and secretly regretted that he had ever subjected himself to such unworthy treatment. He accused Lord Delafonte of meanly insulting him—considered all his professions of friendship as the effect of artifice, and, resolving no more to be the dupe of his pretended friendship, left the village immediately; nor stopped to take any refreshment till he reached the post-house at Monmouth, where he flattered himself that he should at last obtain some news of his mother. 'How unjust is anger! It obscures our reason—it annihilates our judgment.' This was Mervil's first reflection, as he broke the seal of a large packet from Lord Delafonte; which had been returned from the post-office at Dublin, to Monmouth, according to the directions left there.

Every line of Lord Delafonte's letter breathed the benevolent spirit of its writer; but what was Mervil's astonishment and surprise, when he read the generous legacy of the noble marchioness! "Good God!" exclaimed he; "how have I merited the friendship of this exalted woman?" The next sentence conveyed, in the most delicate and cautious terms, the marquis's determination to dispute the will, and, at the same time, his own fixed resolution to support it. The letter ended with the warmest entreaties, that he would hasten to England and Hargrave Place—that place, which he had just quitted with such precipitate haste. Mervil, however, required

all his philosophy to surmount the shock, which the postscript conveyed.—It ran thus,

"How shall I tell you, that our lovely cousin, the matchless Marina, to whose energetic exertions you are solely indebted for the marchioness's remembrance, is at this moment on the border of the grave; and before my letter reaches you, will (in all human probability) have joined the kindred spirit of her maternal friend."

Mervil's anguish, as he concluded this period, is inconceivable. The rigid maxims of philosophy, the feeble efforts of stoicism, were overpowered by the softer feelings of his soul; but we must leave him, tortured by a variety of struggling emotions, to attend the dying couch of Marina.

The day preceding that, on which the will of the marchioness was opened, Marina recovered from the stupor, which had seized her on being conveyed from the chamber of the marchioness. Her senses were now restored; but she was still in so debilitated a state, that her restoration to health was doubtful. Each flattering symptom was perceived by her attendants with joy. The incessant watchfulness and tender assiduity of Lord Macduff, during her state of insensibility, had not passed unnoticed; and Jeannette, who had never quitted her bed side, did not fail to represent them in the most favorable light. Marina's gratitude was ever awake; and she resolved, if she lived, to evince it by her conduct. The languid smile, with which she replied to his anxious inquiries, more than compensated, in his estimation, for all his solicitude: He had, at the marquis's request, attended the opening of the will; and, at the commencement of the altercation between his father-in-law and Lord Delafonte, imprudently left the room to acquaint Marina with it. The agony, which it produced in her whole frame, terrified Caroline Manby, who was sitting in the room; and she flew to alarm the marquis with her danger. When he beheld the convulsed situation of his daughter, he thought her dying. Nature, never wholly extinct in his bosom, now agonized his heart with a pang, more severe than ever he had felt before. She was the child of his ambition—the darling of his pride. He had anticipated the exultation of presenting her, in all the pomp of splendid nobility, to his gracious sovereign; whereas he now beheld her almost expiring, and his high raised hopes sinking with her to the dust. He would, at that moment, have given millions, had he possessed them, to have saved her life. The exclamations of his grief and despair terrified the weeping attendants, who were eagerly endeavouring to restore her. The physician strove to pacify them, with assurances that she was not dead; and, in less than half an hour, a faint respiration confirmed the truth of his assertions. The marquis watched, in all the agonies of suspense, for a more perfect confirmation of her recovery; and when he at last beheld her raise her languid eye-lids, overwhelmed the physician with his grateful acknowledgments. Lord Macduff's information had solely occasioned her relapse, and when she heard her father so lavish in his thanks to the physician, for having restored to him his dear daughter, she thought this the favorable moment for victory. Her extreme weakness made her imagine that she had not long to live; and she determined, therefore, not to lose the present opportunity of procuring the long meditated reconcili-

ation.—She seised his offered hand, and, having pressed it to her pallid lips, assailed him with all the persuasive eloquence, of which she was mistress; ingenuously related to him the manner in which she became acquainted with the Mervils; acknowledged that she alone had been the occasion of interesting the marchioness in their favor; frankly confessed that she only had made them known to Lord Delafonte; then reminded him of the solemn promise he had given when she consented to marry Lord Macduff, that he would grant her whatever she required; and concluded with declaring that, so wholly was her mind bent upon the restitution of the Mervils to his favor, nothing but his compliance with her wishes would ever reconcile her to life. If he continued cruelly inflexible, she said that he would most infallibly destroy her; for she never could survive his refusal.

The marquis hardly hesitated. The idea of being accessary to the death of his daughter, surmounted even the inveteracy of his hatred, and quelled the long-cherished project of unnatural revenge. He bade her live, and rest satisfied that, before the next morning, she should see Mrs. Mervil and Frances at her bedside.

Joy nearly had the same effect on the almost exhausted frame of Marina as sorrow, but she soon recovered to the extatic reflection of having procured justice to an injured family.

Lord Delafonte was directly informed, by Caroline Manby, of this happy event; and the marquis's post-chariot, with a proper suite of attendants (among whom was old Freeman, who earnestly solicited that he might be the joyful messenger of the reconciliation), were immediately dispatched to Dean Wood.

(To be continued.)

On Gaming.

Trite as this subject is, and much as there has been said and written on it, yet is it necessary to guard young, and especially female minds from being led away by the infatuation of gambling. Some few circumstances, with which I have been recently made acquainted, relative to the distress and utter ruin of a person, whom I once knew in affluence, joined to the wish of impressing upon youthful minds, the folly and criminality of this vice, must be my excuse for calling the attention of the fair readers of the Lady's Magazine to a subject so apparently threadbare.

Professed gamblers rarely, if ever, become so all at once; they are too frequently persons, who, having imbibed a fatal relish for play, have persisted in their course till ruin has been the result. They have then taken that up as a profession, which they began as an amusement; and, from having been plundered themselves, become, in their turn, the plunderers of others; no doubt considering it, by a perversity of reasoning, as a sort of fair retaliation; and not reflecting that the innocent suffer for the guilty. How careful, then, should every one be, to beware of the very first steps towards gambling, for there is about this, as about many other vices, a sort of bewitching infatuation, even indeed when losing, which induces persons to go on with a hope of retrieving their losses. If this is so, it cannot be much wondered at that winners should wish to continue a lucrative game.

From the very lowest species of gaming, such as insuring in the lottery, to the hazard-tables in St. James's Street, how much of misery and mischief has been produced! The washerwoman pawns the linen entrusted to her, or perhaps her hus-

band's coat, to be able to have a chance in the *little go's*, as they are called; while the duchess pawns her jewels, that she may be enabled to take her seat again at the table, where she has been fleeced by pretended friends, and pay, what are so falsely called, *debts of honor!* The humble mechanic, who has lost his week's wages at theskittle-ground, or at dominoes, pawns his clothes, or even his tools, to replace the sum; whilst the nobleman, who has lost a year's rental in one night, or perhaps a whole estate, must either have recourse to the worst of usurers, or fairly transport himself from his native land for a few years, till his circumstances are retrieved. Now this is the most desperate folly, when so much rational amusement is open to all at very little expence; and how such persons can bear the reflection, (if they ever reflect) of having ruined themselves in a moment as it were, I am at a loss to conjecture. But even if gaming does not lead a person to the extent I have hinted at; even if their successes and reverses are pretty nearly balanced, the perpetual conflict of the passions must render themselves wretched, and all about them miserable. Even in a common game at cards, where the stake is probably trifling, how truly uncomfortable persons often feel, both in winning and losing, if the run of luck is constant either way! If constantly losing, the temper becomes soured, and the evening probably ends in something very like disgust; if as constantly winning, and perhaps of persons who are not very well able to afford it, you feel uneasy at that too; and when you see their altered looks, and hear their altered tones—if you feel, as a truly honorable person ought to feel—you would gladly give up the paltry advantages you have gained, could you with delicacy, by restoring their property, restore them to a little composure. Let any one, who has felt all this, apply it to a deeper degree of gambling, and try, if he can form an idea of the feelings experienced there. It will be no easy matter; at least I should think not, though perhaps habit may render such persons more callous, than one not used to any situation at all bordering on theirs, can conceive. However, be their feelings what they may, Heaven keep me from the trial, either of experiencing the immensity of suffering I should suppose they underwent; or of becoming coolly and fashionably callous to ruin and misfortune! The misery of a professed gamester's family must often be excessive; not unfrequently perhaps in absolute want of the necessaries of life; and though sometimes, very likely, living in a style of extravagance, which no income, however large, would warrant; yet, in the very moment of such enjoyment, they must be anticipating the possibility, nay probability, of the next hour bringing them to a lower extreme of distress than any yet experienced. As to the behaviour of the master of such a family, it can scarcely be equal or temperate; when unsuccessful, sullen, morose, and desperate; when otherwise, lifted to a pitch of wild joy, bordering on madness. A drunken husband is considered, and with great justice, to be a curse; but how much worse must it be, to have a professed gamester!

I would gladly not say a word as to females being gamblers; it is a vice, which I hope, and believe, is very rare among the fair sex; but that it has dominion over some of "God's fairest creatures," is but too true.

I consider myself as addressing females, and I here call on them to

shun, and shut out of their society, any one of their own sex, to whom this vice is dearer than her husband's smile, or her offspring's care. Let me not be understood as wishing to cry down the harmless evening parties of the good old village dowagers, to whom the relief of a cup of tea, and a game of cards afterwards, is as essential, as the brief to the lawyers, or the sword to the soldier. No, no; I am no puritan. An innocent game at cards, as long as the sum played for is so small, as to be of little or no consideration to those who play, is a relaxation that may be honestly indulged. It is only when the sum played for is higher than those, who play, can afford; or when gaming becomes so habitual as to get entire possession of the mind, that it is criminal; and when such is the case, it is highly so. Let us then, as before observed, be guarded against its first approaches, and when indulging in it as an amusement only, take care that it does not become more than an amusement; for the moment we begin to play seriously, there is danger.

J. M. LACEY.

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(Continued from page 464.)

Mr. Middleton, to P. Sydney, Esq.

In Continuation.

MY small patrimony was now all we had to depend upon. I sunk part of it in an annuity for the joint lives of myself and Ellen. Had I parted with the whole of my money in this manner, our income would have been better; but I wished to preserve a trade for this boy. I knew that, in some parts of Scotland, I could live more comfortably on a small income, than in any other country: and I settled at Inverness for no other reason, but that I had heard my father say he was born at that place. I had been there but a few days, when I one morning met a man, muffled up in a great coat, who endeavoured to hide his face from me; but on a nearer view, I knew him to be Serjeant Norman.

"Serjeant," cried I, in a voice into which I threw as much anger as I could, "how came you here?" The poor fellow saluted, but made no reply.

"Follow me," cried I. He did so, and when we arrived at our lodgings, I said in a milder tone: "Now tell me what brought you hither."

He bent one knee to the ground: "Oh forgive me, my honored master. Your old serjeant could not have been happy, had he acted otherwise. The life of a soldier," continued he, rising and placing himself in a military attitude, while he fixed his hat fiercely on his head, "the life of a soldier is the life of honor. To do our duty as we ought, I humbly conceive, so please you, that we should respect those under whom we serve. Now I can no longer respect Colonel ——. My soul despises him, and I could not, to have been made a general officer, serve under the man that had injured Lieutenant Bruce." "Serjeant," interrupted I, "what have you and I to do with such sentiments as these? The world sets no value on them—we cannot live by them, man."

"Oh never fear, an please your honour," answered the serjeant cheerily, "I am both able, and willing to work."

"Serjeant," replied I, in a solemn and determined tone, "if you value me, and ever wish to see my face again, you must return to England. I will not insist upon your joining your late regiment, as you have got your discharge, but go into another. This, I know, it is easy for you to

do. We can be friends on no other terms. But if you will do this," continued I holding out my hand to him, "I will trust you with the dearest secret of my heart."

"Do with me, sir, as you please," replied he, grasping my hand.

"Then, my friend, I will accompany you to England; I must once more see the Colonel. Though, as Othello says, my occupation is gone, yet I have an active principle within me, that will not let me be at rest, till I have tried whether my sword can do me justice."—"My honored Lieutenant" said the serjeant, his face in a glow, "then you will fight this colonel? May the God, whom we worship," continued he kneeling, "strengthen your arm—may you lay this vile wretch low—low as he has laid our brave captain!"

"But this business, serjeant, must not reach the ears of my sister. You shall rest with me a few days to recover from the fatigue of your journey, and I will endeavour, in that time, to sooth and console the broken spirit of my injured girl."

My sister entered the room as I was speaking. The unexpected sight of the serjeant gave additional force to her sorrows—the tears streamed from her eyes, as she held out her hand to this affectionate fellow—the serjeant's eyes, too, played the woman, as he respectfully took the hand that was extended to him. I acquainted Ellen with the motive which had brought the noble hearted serjeant to us; she agreed with me as to the expediency of his again entering on the profession of a soldier. My going to England to see him properly settled, and finally to adjust my little money concerns, formed a plausible pretence for my leaving her, which I did as soon as I saw her quietly settled, and had procured for her the attendance of an honest old woman, who lodged in the same house with us, and who promised to assist Ellen in the care of young Albert. The serjeant and I performed the journey on foot. We reached the colonel's quarters in safety, and as I was too impatient to lose any time, I sent a note to him by the serjeant, containing these few lines—

"The brother of Ellen Bruce, the friend of the brave Albert, has no other way of redressing the wrongs he has suffered, than by his sword. If Colonel M——s be not entirely destitute of every principle, that ought to actuate the mind of the soldier and the man, he will not refuse to the injured Bruce, the only satisfaction it is now in his power to give. Time, place, and weapon, shall be at the colonel's option, only let his determination be speedy."

I received for answer, that the colonel would meet me, the following morning by break of day, at a place which he mentioned, without the town. I employed the best part of the night in arranging my affairs; and wrote a letter to Ellen, which the serjeant was to deliver to her if I fell: I conjured her therein to preserve her life for Albert's boy, if not for her own sake—She must remember, that he had no friend but herself to watch over his helpless infancy. I then earnestly recommended that the serjeant would guard, to the best of his power, the feeble unprotected beings I should leave behind me. I was at the place appointed first—the serjeant attended at a distance—the colonel was but a few minutes after me; and, to do him justice, there was a strong expression of shame and remorse in his countenance. When he approached me, he was going to attempt something of an apology for his conduct; but I prevented his proceeding.

"Once, colonel, I would gladly have reasoned with you on this matter, for my heart does not approve the present mode of redressing an injury; but now, my soul disdains to hold conference with you. The sword must settle our difference."

So saying I drew. The colonel was again victorious; I received a wound in my arm, that made amputation necessary. The surgeon of the regiment was a man of skill and humanity—he attended me with the utmost care and tenderness, and my faithful serjeant never left me. I was uneasy about Ellen; for I knew that she would be alarmed at my silence. I could not write myself, and a letter from the serjeant would make her apprehend worse then the truth. There was, however, no better method to be adopted. The serjeant therefore wrote a true account, assuring her that I was out of all danger, and that I should be with her sooner then she could expect. I was tolerably easy after this letter was dispatched, when, one day, as the serjeant was attending on me. I perceived that a more than common dejection hung about him. I insisted upon knowing what it was which thus affected him. The poor fellow burst into tears, and told me that, late the night before, Madam Ellen entered his room almost spent with sorrow and fatigue, that she could not be pacified, nor believe I was alive. He, therefore, wished, if it would not discompose me too much, that I would see her. I was not much surprized at this account: for I well knew the heart of Ellen and was sure that she would not remain in doubt or suspence with regard to my fate. I desired the serjeant to bring her to me. Poor Ellen! Her hollow eyes and emaciated form, with her pathetic expressions when she saw me, were keener than the colonel's sword. Her grief was turned inth joy, when she found that I was really alive, and likely to do well. She was so tender a nurse, that her attentions, joined with the assistance of the honest serjeant, caused me to recover my strength, much sooner then could have been reasonably expected. During my confinement I was visited by a gentleman, with whom I had been intimate abroad. He was a captain in the —— regiment of infantry; and to him I made known the particulars of the serjeant's conduct and attachment to me. This was recommendation sufficient to a man of a liberal mind; and he never rested till he had caused this faithful fellow's appointment to be serjeant of his own company.—This matter settled to my mind, Ellen and I prepared for our return to Scotland. The serjeant took leave of us with an heavy heart; we arrived without any interruption at our home, and found the old woman had been faithful to her charge.

Ellen pressed the young Albert in her arms, with tears of joy. The education of this boy engrossed all our care. I formed him for a soldier, while Ellen undertook the politer part of his studies. She taught him to dance; and, as he seemed to have an ear, Ellen who is very fond of music, gave him such instructions, that, by constant practice, he now excels in taste and execution. Serjeant Norman, about six years ago, to his very great satisfaction, arrived with his regiment at Fort George, where he has been stationed ever since. He comes to us as often as he can, and it is the pride and pleasure of his life, to instruct young Albert in a soldier's exercise. I assure you, gentlemen, that my life would not have been an unhappy one could my poor Ellen have en-

joyed a better share of health. It grieved me that I could not procure for her those little comforts, so necessary to a delicate female, drooping under both mental and bodily infirmity. I am obliged often to be harsh to Serjeant Norman, for his generosity distresses both Ellen, and me. He is almost worn out himself, and has not a friend in the world; yet he always leaves me in tears, because I will not accept of the little money he has saved, for the use of his dear lady, as he calls my sister.

On our first settling here, curiosity, as is common, was excited by the novelty of our appearance; but it was no sooner suspected that poverty was the cause of our seclusion, than all further efforts to seek our acquaintance died away. I have often, indeed, in my walks, heard a stranger, who observed my rusty hat and shabby coat, inquire my name. "He is *nobody*," was the answer, "a poor lieutenant, we understand." This reply was sufficient — there were no further enquiries after the poor lieutenant. Never did curiosity, excited by true benevolence, reach me, till I met with it in the forms of Messrs. Hamilton and Middleton," continued Bruce with a bow, that convinced us the compliment sprung from his heart. Mr. Hamilton now told his tale—the lieutenant listened to him with the most profound attention, and when he had concluded observed, that there were certainly traits in his life, of a sombre cast.

"But," said he, "my dear Mr. Hamilton, a man that can think and act as you do, cannot be unhappy. Yet I wish" continued he in a more languid accent, "I wish you could recover your son."

This was touching the string, on which hung Mr. Hamilton's sorrows. "Let us" said the lieutenant, return to Ellen, she will I know receive us with cheerfulness, and a good fire."

Ellen did indeed receive us with such a smile upon her countenance, as made my heart ach, to think that man could bring sorrow on such a being.

Young Albert will be in England, nearly as soon as you will receive this letter; Mr. Hamilton's favourite servant, is to conduct him to Lord Beaumont, who is to purchase a commission for him. I have written to Brudenel, begging that he will, for my sake, show every civility to the young man. I hope that you will notice him, Sydney; which I more particularly request, because I apprehend, from the good humour of Brudenel, that our young soldier will soon feel himself so perfectly at home with him, as to enter eagerly into all Brudenel's expensive, and riotous parties of pleasure. Albert is turned on the world a perfect stranger to its ways, with an open artless sanguine disposition; so that he will without hesitation empty his pockets to the first crafty knave, that asks his charity, as he will, with equal avidity, accompany the first woman of a decent appearance, to a bagnio; without having one thought of the consequence. For this reason, I would wish you to have an eye on him. I was mentioning my apprehensions on this head, to Mr. Hamilton.

"We must allow him a little experience, Mr. Middleton. Trust me it will be of greater service, in fixing the principles with which he has been brought up, than advice, if it was delivered by a Solomon. Should he be stripped, as I expect he will, on his first introduction into life, I will replenish his purse."

The lieutenant is apprehensive that Mr. Hamilton's generosity will

lead to do more for this boy, than he thinks necessary. "There are many young Alberts in the world," said he one day, "who may be equally deserving of your bounty. Give him a commission, and let him do the rest himself. It is enough for a soldier's son; and there is many a brave man that is not so well provided for."

"The young man," answered Mr. Hamilton, "would have no reason to thank me, if I did nothing more for him; he cannot live on an ensign's pay. I will keep close to him till I get him a company; and then I will secure to him a small independence that it shall not be in his power to deprive himself of, even should he fall a prey to the temptations of the world. This boy was born a gentleman, you must permit me to enable him to live like one." What a man is this Hamilton, Sydney! Farewell. MIDDLETON.

(*To be continued.*)

Visit to VALLOMBROSA.

(*From Mr. Eustace's "Classical Tour through Italy."*)

THE excursion in the neighbourhood of Florence, which abounds most in pictureqne beauty, is that to the abbey of Vallombrosa, the road to which runs for thirteen miles in the vale of Arno, along the banks of the river of that name. The description which Mr. Eustace has given of this journey, will, we have no doubt, be perused by the reader with a good deal of pleasure, similar to that with which it was performed by the writer. The writer has delineated the whole scene with great sensibility and taste, and the description is pervaded by a sort of devotional glow, which heightens at once the beauty and the interest.

'A little beyond Pelago,' says Mr. Eustace, 'we began to ascend the Apennines, and winding along their sides enjoyed, as we advanced, many delicious views of hills crowned with villas, and mountains sometimes covered, and sometimes merely spotted with the olive, the vine, and ilex. The beauty of the scenery increased upon us at every step, and as we passed through groves of lofty chesnuts intermingled with oak, we occasionally caught the view of a torrent tumbling from the crags, a church seated on the bosom of a fertile hill, or a broken ridge of rocks and precipices. At a little distance from the abbey we observed a large stone cross placed at the entrance of a wood of firs thick and lofty, whose deep shade was lighted up by the horizontal rays of the setting sun that shot along the arcades formed by their meeting branches. As we entered, the abbey bell tolled to call the monks to the evening service, and continued tolling till we emerged from the gloom of this path to a little plain, bounded behind by a semi-circular curve of steep mountains covered to the summit with one continual forest. Here we beheld the antique towers, and pinnacles of the abbey rising full before us; and on a nearer approach heard the swell of the organ, and the voices of the choir, and instantly alighting under the archway of the gate, hastened to the church. The monks were then singing the *qui habitat* (ninety-first Psalm), which is part of the evening service. The melody was sweet and solemn; a long pause between each verse gave it time to produce its full effect; and the gloom of the church, the lights on the altar, the chant of the choir, and the tones of the organ could not fail to awaken in the mind, already prepared by the

scenery, and circumstances of place and time, a strong emotion of piety, awe, and melancholy. When service was ended, the monks retired in deep silence, like so many ghosts gliding along the nave, and disappearing in the aisles; we withdrew with regret. We were then conducted by the father appointed to receive strangers to the usual apartments allotted to visitants, and treated with unaffected hospitality.

'The little plain, on which the abbey stands, is imbosomed in the Apennines, open to the rays of the western sun, but enclosed on the south, east, and north, by a semicircular ridge of mountains. The steep acclivity is clothed to the summit with forests of ancient firs, oaks, and beeches, waving one above the other, and sometimes apparently hanging from the very brows of the precipices and bending over the steep. In the upper regions an occasional glade breaks the uniformity of forest scenery, while the naked summits expand into wide grassy downs, and command a beautiful view over the Arno and its storied vale, Florence and all its neighbouring hills on one side, and extending on the other to the wilds of Camaldoli and La Vernia. The elevation is so considerable, even at the abbey, as to affect the temperature of the air; indeed after having panted so long at Naples, Rome, and Florence, we found ourselves delightfully refreshed at Vallombrosa by the cool breezes of an English summer. The day after our arrival the good father, who was appointed to attend strangers, was so obliging as to defer dinner till a late hour, in order to enable us to make our intended excursion to the summit of the mountain; and after breakfast we set out. Crossing first the little plain in which the abbey stands, and then passing a stream that descends from the cliff, we began the ascent by a narrow pathway which winds up the acclivity, but is yet sufficiently steep and laborious. However, as the heat was by no means oppressive, and we walked under a deep shade the whole way, the ascent was not very fatiguing. The trees, that form the forest through which we passed, are generally old, shattered, and venerable, and the silence that reigned around us interrupted, perhaps I might have said heightened, by the murmurs of the wind unusually deep in such a vast mass of foliage, was extremely impressive, and gave the savage scene around us a grand, a melancholy solemnity. The channels of several torrents now dry, but encumbered with fragments of rock and trunks of trees hurled down by the fury of the mountain stream, furrowed the sides of the steep, and added to its rude magnificence. Down one of these channels a rill continued to roll, and tumbling from rock to rock formed several cascades, whose tinklings were faintly heard amidst the hollow roar of the forests. When we reached the summit, we walked up and down to enjoy the cool breezes, that always fan the higher regions of the Apennines, and to contemplate at the same time the picture expanded beneath us; on one side, the declivity shagged with wood, and enclosing in an oval sweep the lawn and abbey of Vallombrosa; and in the other, a long ridge of bleak rugged mountains. We then reclined under a thicket on the brow of the eminence, and compared the scenery immediately under us with Milton's description, of which it is supposed by many to be the original.

SWITZERLAND, *as it was in* 1790.

(*Continued from page* 473.)

LETTER XIII.

Bern.

AT length, after long wanderings as well with as without my Graces, I write you a letter from this fountain-head of Helvetic wisdom and virtue —the place which, on account of its Spartan laws and its excellent and inimitable form of government, has found more encomiasts than the Philips, the Alexanders, the Cæsars, and the Louises, all taken together in the lump! What a pity, then, that so rich a theme should at length fall into the hands of so phlegmatic an observer as your humble servant! I am unaccustomed to sound the trumpet, or to indulge in the lavish effusions of the *venal* panegyrist: truth alone can command praise from my pen; and then only does praise confer honor, when it is well deserved.

I have looked around me a little in the town, and think it very neat. But when a certain German author (I cannot immediately recollect his name), in his usual strain of enthusiasm in favor of Switzerland, assures us that Bern "is the neatest and cleanest town he is any-where acquainted with," it pains me that I am, in this instance again, so unfortunate as to entertain a different opinion. I know not how many towns that author may or may *not* be acquainted with, or—to express my idea with greater accuracy—how many towns he was acquainted with at the time when he penned his panegyrical epistles on Switzerland: but this I know, that the generality of the towns in England and Holland are as neat and clean as that of Bern: and, were I to confine the comparison to our own country, I know not why Manheim, Karlsruh, or Baireuth, might not stand competition with Bern in point of neatness and cleanliness.

As little am I disposed to bestow the praise of beauty on the piazzas that run in front of the houses through the whole city. The trifling convenience arising from the shelter which they afford in bad weather or during the heat of the day, is more than counterbalanced by the heavy and gloomy appearance which they give to the houses and to the town. Besides, the unvaried prospect of those piazzas every-where resembling each other, creates an idea of servile uniformity, which disgusts me as much as the irregular and tasteless architecture of the other towns of Switzerland.

Again, this town does not contain above twelve thousand inhabitants: its trade is of little importance; for here people are ashamed of trade. The pursuit of offices and dignities is the sole object of every man's attention; and whoever in this place is not invested with a public office, is reckoned one of the lowest class of the people, and held in no estimation. But already, no doubt, you have learned from other tour-writers that the love of show, superfluity, and extravagance, is strongly prevalent here, and that the inhabitants are remarkable for their libertinism —more so, indeed, than in any other town of Switzerland, Geneva excepted, where a still higher degree of libertinism is however connected with a certain portion of taste; which is far from being the case here. In Bern, republican manners are hardly known even by name; and the reign of licentiousness may be traced back to, or even beyond, the time of the reformation: for, at that early period, venal beauty was common; and the tender-hearted sisterhood had even then attained to such perfection

in their vocation, that there was little room for subsequent improvement.

The youth of the male sex, especially those of the higher rank, live here in a perpetual round of dissipation and sensuality. With the most improvident thoughtlessness, their earlier years are sacrificed to tumultuous pleasures, libertinism, and idleness. Why, indeed, should they submit to the laborious drudgery of acquiring knowledge, since they are certain that the advantages of high birth and family connexions so amply compensate all the defects of education, and the want of diligence and learning? Here no further qualification is requisite to the young man of family, than that he have attained the legal age; and the rest follows of course. When he has completed his nine-and-twentieth year, the hopeful young gentleman then becomes eligible; and—no matter in how irregular and foolish a manner he has wasted those nine-and-twenty years—he obtains an office, appears in the senate, and, in virtue of his birth and age, becomes a legislator, a ruler, and a guardian of the public weal.

In one of my former letters—from Schafhausen, I believe—I have already noticed to you the minute and even ridiculous ramifications in the various departments of government among the Switzers, and the multiplicity of their public offices. But the canton of Schafhausen, notwithstanding its truly excessive governmental apparatus, may yet be said not to have overstepped the sober bounds of reason and moderation, and to be a downright pygmy, when compared with the gigantic state-machine of the republic of Bern. Here we find the great council and the little council—the war-council or the board of war—an ecclesiastical tribunal or consistory—a city tribunal—*two* boards of appeals—*two* treasury boards—a German board of forests, and also an Italian, as it is here called—boards for game-causes, and for those relating to exile—for freeholders', proselytes', and reformation causes—a commission for the duties on fish and flesh meat, &c.

In each of these boards or committees sit one or more members of the lower council: and the reports and appeals from these various boards and chambers to the higher tribunals, together with the injunctions, rescripts, and references, from the higher tribunals to their committees and boards, proceed in an endless round; while this tedious snail-march of justice tends to multiply business, and occasions a tardiness in the operations of government, which could not proceed in a more slow and sleepy pace, if it had been organised by Shah Lolo or Sultan Wampum.

Under a monarchy, we often see a single minister superintend more numerous and frequently more important concerns than those which engage the attention of all these various boards and chambers: and the subject who has any application to make, knows to whom it is to be made, as soon as he learns to what department his affair belongs; on which head, even if he be himself a stranger to business, every citizen can give him the necessary information. Instead of this, the Bernese *subject*—for that indeed is the proper appellation of the burgher of Bern—must waste his time in inquiries, in running about, in seeking, and in waiting: he is sent from Herod to Pilate, and, like a timorous deer, is hunted from the consistory to the fish-committee — from the board of proselytes to the flesh-committee—from the board of game to the board of reformation.

What is the cause of this multiplicity of offices and boards—of this

almost incredible, unexampled profusion of formalities in public affairs? We need not look far for the cause: it is of itself sufficiently obvious. The families of the upper class "increase and multiply:" luxury and extravagance increase likewise; but not the means of subsistence. They look for their resources therefore in the dismemberment of the state-machine, which is every day more and more artfully effected. They know not how to dispose of the crowds of young men who are either unfit for or disinclined to foreign military service: wherefore they devise new boards, new offices, new committees. They appoint one young man a member of this board—another, of that; and, by these expensive and perplexing innovations in the management of affairs, they increase his rank, his influence, and, with them, his means of subsistence.

Add to this the administration of *outer* Bern—that is to say, of the country and the municipal towns—which, by a prodigious, I had almost said a criminal, minuteness of subdivision, is portioned out into *fifty-nine* different landvœgtships*, of which those of the first class yield an annual income of between twelve and fifteen thousand florins; those of the second, from seven to ten thousand; those of the third, from five to seven thousand; and those of the fourth, from three to four thousand†. Calculate, now, what exertions the scanty population of the canton of Bern—which is generally supposed not to exceed a hundred and fifty thousand souls—must be obliged to make, in order to support, to salary, and to feed such a host of servants of the state: and then tell me whether you consider the expenses of government in Switzerland as pressing lightly on the shoulders of the people.

I can indeed readily conceive, that, when a traveller experiences so gracious a reception in Bern as to make him "feel, as it were, at home"—when he takes trips of pleasure on the Bieler-lake in the beautiful canopied gondolas of the *landvœgts*, as it has often been the lot of a fortunate German tourist in Switzerland—he then as little feels the pressure of the landvœgtships, as he is incommoded by the heat of the sun.

But I continue my rambles through the city, where it is to me a revolting and afflictive spectacle to see the convicts paraded about the streets. These unfortunate beings, of both sexes, are chained to carts, and obliged to clean the streets and public squares; and the *free* Berner views this without emotion. For my part, I cannot conceive what their ideas of liberty may be, who can endure such a picture of the most wretched slavery. Yet even this custom is not only approved by a certain tourist who panegyrises every object that he here meets with, but even defended, and pronounced to be an *excellent* regulation. I wonder he did not call it a benevolent institution! he finds it so agreeable and convenient that these unhappy slaves remove in winter the snow and mud, and, in summer, the still more incommoding dust—that they water and sweep the streets, and render the piazzas more pleasant and refreshing to saunter in.

Are we then so perfectly agreed on the head of crimes and punishments, on the duties of the individual to-

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* The *landvœgt* may be called, in English, a district judge.

† A French officer, in his Letters on Switzerland, estimates the yearly incomes of some *Italian* bailiwicks in the canton of Bern at eighty thousand livres—a sum, however, for which I do not undertake to vouch.

ward society and the state, and on the rights of the state and society over the individual, that we can thus calmly look on, while the man in power condemns his fellow man to slavery for twenty or thirty years, or perhaps for his whole life? Has the philosophic writer, above alluded to, examined with sufficient attention the transgressions of those unfortunate wretches whom he so cheerfully resigns to their severe doom—has he acquired a competent knowledge of their education, their connexions, the history of their lives, the temptations which allured them into the devious paths of seduction, crime, and misfortune—has he accurately estimated the proportion which their punishment bears to their offences—before he could feast his eyes with this revolting sight—before he could bestow on this most degraded state of abject thraldom and heart-rending misery the name of a most excellent and laudable regulation?

Or does he deem it unnecessary to bestow a single thought on the subject? Does he so philosophically enjoy his pleasurable walks under the piazzas, and so coolly and serenely view the painful toil of those hapless wretches who are thus consigned to unceasing martyrdom and ignominy, because he takes it for granted that the senate of Bern, infallible as a god, well knows to mete out the fate of mortals in just proportion?

Rousseau! Rousseau! what wouldst thou say, wert thou to behold these cruelties—wert thou to hear the panegyrics bestowed on them by our *philosophers*—to hear how those men, on the one hand, with so much affected sensibility perform their devout pilgrimages to thy cell, and disturb thy hallowed shade—and, on the other, spurn from them the sons of affliction, tread them under foot, and with fiend-like satisfaction shout out their loud "bravo"s to their tormentors?—But he *has* seen them—he *has* witnessed those cruelties, which by rigid men are termed justice: he has heard those unfeeling mortals pronounce the sentence of eternal condemnation against their unfortunate brethren, who have gone astray, but who perhaps have repented of their errors. He has spoken to the unhappy sufferers the words of tenderness and sympathy. Hear him, the true philosopher and philanthrope—hear him, ye, who, with your fancied sensibility, persecute him even in the grave, that you may persuade yourselves and the world that you possess a deep feeling of his wisdom and virtue—hear him, ye narrow-hearted, and become—men!

"Woe to those unfeeling souls that are not moved, except by groans and tears!" &c.

I feel myself too powerfully affected, my friend, to write any thing further to you this day. It is no hypocritical affectation of sensibility, when I tell you that I must away to the country, there to collect myself among the less polished, but less vitiated, inhabitants of the rural scenes, and again reconcile myself to man. Adieu.

(To be continued.)

The Dutch Patriots *of the Sixteenth Century.*

(Continued from page 469.)

Meantime the Spanish vessels, boldly advancing, arrange themselves in the prescribed order over the watery plain, on which they occupy an immense space. The Batavian squadron, collected in a smaller compass, impatiently awaits the signal of battle.

Already the two fleets observed each other in silence, and nought was heard but the hoarse murmurs of the waves: but nature speaks

within to every heart in accents more terrific than the voice of the swelling billows. The Batavians, notwithstanding their courage, cannot entirely suppress every sensation of terror: the formidable aspect of the hostile fleet—the sight of their provinces lying a prey to the invading ocean and the merciless Spaniard—finally, their mournful recollections, and the awful idea that the approaching conflict is to decide respecting their salvation and their liberty—all these reflexions, united, perturb in some degree their souls.

William perceives their agitation—presents himself to their view—seises a beaming shield, and stretches his arm toward the shore and the towers which are, as it were, present to their eyes. They fancy they hear the voice of their country in person, crying out to them—"Reflect, ye sons of freedom! that you are my last remaining bulwark, and that the issue of this combat for ever determines my fate. Your tedious toils—the disasters you have surmounted—the successes already obtained by your valour—the glorious prize which awaits you—your country who now addresses you—all, all is lost, if you do not on this day seise the palm of victory. In you, then, is the republic at this moment concentred: so long as you remain unsubdued, the Batavian is free. 'Tis not the magnitude of number that constitutes the strength of an army: soldiers of liberty! your adversaries are a horde of slaves, who only fight to make you participate in sustaining the burden of their chains. Leiden, Holland, Zealand, have their eyes fixed on you—Leiden, lately surrounded by enemies, who now dread and revere her—Leiden, trampling under her feet their arms and their pride—beholds her ruins crowned with immortal trophies: and shall there be found among you a sacrilegious hand, that dares attempt to pull down these glorious monuments? Let her fortitude and courage serve as models for your imitation!"

While they fancy their country stimulating them by this energetic exhortation, Nassau inflames their ardor by the fire which beams from his eyes: it pervades every heart with the rapidity of that subtile element which is the soul of nature. His warriors, eager for the martial affray, clang their arms with loud din: such auspicious emotion points out to the hero the favorable moment for the attack, and the signal is immediately given in every quarter.

The two fleets vomit torrents of fire, which seem multiplied by the reflexion of the glassy surface of the deep. Showers of brazen globes hiss through the heated air, and carry rapid deaths to the hostile ships. The roar of these numerous thunders rebellows to the distant rocks, and the affrighted ocean is silent.

O thou who first ventured'st to plough the boisterous main! thy bosom surely inclosed a heart of steel: but thou who first mad'st it the scene of war, thy heart must have been still harder and more ferocious. Did not the vast surface of the earth afford thee a sufficiently ample theatre for thy ravages, that thou converted'st the ocean itself—that ocean, so pregnant with terrors, and ready to swallow thee alive—into a field of battle?

For some time the strokes of death were dealt out only from a distance: but the art of man can overcome that element on which the winds and the waves each moment rescue the victim from the impending blow. On each side several vessels advance. As two experienced wrestlers, after having measured each other with their eyes, unite in close conflict,

embrace and strain each other in their nervous arms; so these ships approach and attack each other, and, fast grappled together, become a scene of contest, where retreat is impossible. There the brazen thunders are silent: their loud voices are succeded by ferocious shouts, the clash of ringing swords, and the repeated noise of musquetry. Streams of blood flow into the trembling deep. Now the Batavian fights on board the Spanish ships, again the Spaniard on board those of the Batavians.

Among those heroes Irthur conspicuously displayed his courage—Irthur, now no longer seen accompanied by Idalyra. Henceforward released from all apprehension for the safety of that beloved bride, he exerts his valour unrestrained, and braves every danger. Notwithstanding his numerous gallant exploits, Ferdinand, at the head of a crowd of Spaniards, boards the warrior's ship, and penetrates into it.

Alzaïde, whose weapons are only calculated for distant fight, finds her bow rendered useless in this frightful conflict. A Spaniard descries her, boldly seises the heroine, and conceives the hope of adorning his triumph with the presence of so illustrious a captive. But the high-minded Peruvian maid plunges into his heart the sharpest of her arrows, and sacrifices him—her last victim. Surrounded by a host of enemies, she escapes their vindictive rage by piercing her own bosom; and, content to have fulfilled her oaths, she unreluctant descends to meet her father, her brother, and her lover, in the realms of death, where at length she experiences the termination of her misfortunes.

Ferdinand, each moment growing more impetuous, advances fighting toward the asylum which incloses the precious remains of Idalyra. At that fight, the son of Aldamene, more terrible than his assailants, rushes against him at the head of his Batavian and Peruvian followers, smites the Spaniards in every direction, and drives them from that sacred repository to the side of the vessel. Meanwhile he hears in imagination a voice once dear to him, which whispers in his ear—"Restrain thy too ardent courage: would to heaven I were still by thy side, a second time to ward off from thee the deadly blow!"—Tender Idalyra! thy admonition comes too late: the deadly blow is already inflicted; numerous swords are at once stained with the blood of thy beloved lord; and the steel of Ferdinand, descending with the impetuosity of a brazen globe, bursts the breast of Irthur, who falls lifeless on the streaming deck.

Fired with rage, the warriors of the Batavian isle, and the Peruvians, avenge the death of their chief, and sacrifice to his shade the greater number of those assailants: the rest are compelled to seek safety in flight: some plunge into the sea, others take refuge in their boats: the proud Ferdinand, burning with indignant shame, accompanies them in their retreat, renouncing the conquest of that ship, which he has filled with grief, but where the soul of Irthur still continues to inflame the combatants, and which is defended by those formidable warriors, and by the manès of Idalyra.

Irthur is carried to the asylum where she still seems to breathe: he opens his dying eye: he beholds her: his victory has saved his troops, his ship, and what remained to him of his bride:—satisfied, he expires.

Meanwhile the intrepid Lumey resolves to erect on this day an immortal trophy to perpetuate his renown. He was stimulating the valour of his troops by martial exhorta-

tions, and preparing to attack a towering vessel, The Philip, when he perceived the widow of Horn, who, bearing in her hands the precious urn enriched with the ashes of her murdered lord, was advancing with majestic step to the combat, in certain expectation of victory.

"Sacred remains of Horn!" he exclaims—"I have sworn—we have all sworn—that you shall be avenged. Yes, gallant hero! our oath stands recorded in heaven: nor shall it on this day be forgotten.—Who can be found among us more worthy than thy widowed consort to carry thy heart into the midst of the battle? But thy friend aspires to participate with her that honor: let me for a moment be the depositary of that urn. The son of Alva disputes with me the possession of yon ship: the conquest of it, while it reflects glory on thy ashes, will be a happy presage for the Batavians."

The heroine deposits the urn in the hands of the chief, who with an eloquent look implores the assistance of avenging heaven; and hastes to assail The Philip. The urn attracts around it a crowd of warriors, who ardently second his attack. Lumey bursts into the hostile vessel, and spreads death on every side—tremendous by his mortal strokes, and by those ashes which oft had filled the Spaniards with dismay. Daval recoils affrighted—the sword of Olivera trembles in his hand—their warriors are dispersed.

"What vain terror," exclaims Frederic, "has seised on your souls? are you afraid of a shadow? Shall it be said that Horn again triumphs in the fields of war? No! let his remains, which have been rescued from ignominy, become one of my trophies!"

They advance: Frederic extends his daring hand to seise the urn. Lumey! thou well remember'st at this moment that thou stand'st responsible for those ashes to the widow of the hero, to the ashes themselves, to Nassau, to the whole Batavian nation. Thou invok'st the shade of Horn: Horn combats by thy side, and thou art invincible. Like the eagle wheeling in wide circles through the air, and darting down on his prey, thy ponderous steel falls with irresistible might on those rash assailants: from the breast of Alva's son it calls forth a stream of blood to lave the sacred urn—a too feeble expiation of so many barbarities.—The Spaniards throw down their arms: Frederic ignominiously flies in a rapid skiff; and the Batavian flag is displayed on the tall mast of The Philip.

Separated from the ashes of her lord, and astonished at the languor which pervades her frame, the widow of Horn ceases to signalise her courage. Following the steps of the combatants, she had pursued Lumey with her eyes: at the moment of his taking possession of The Philip, she appears before him, and beholds the urn in his hands. "Let this ship," says he, "which has been conquered by Horn, be consecrated to him: and, instead of Philip's name, let it henceforward bear the name of Horn."—Well pleased, she receives back the victorious urn, and feels her pristine courage rekindle in her breast.

At the opposite extremity of the fleet, Lewis was proceeding from victory to victory, and triumphing over all the efforts of the Spaniards. He had taken several ships, and compelled others to fly before him; and the indignant Spaniards wonder what has become of their usual valour. Alva, informed of their defeat, calls to Avila: "Thou," says he, "who art a stranger to fear, display on this

occasion the fruit of my lessons: haste to bring back to the fight those ships which fly before the brother of William. From the fury of thy attack, let him learn to dread the attacks of Alva."

He said, and Avila instantly sails to execute his orders: through the midst of the warring fleets, his vessel rapidly traverses the ensanguined waves. He reaches the flying ships, brings them back to the combat, braves the valour of Lewis, and obliges him to display it in more conspicuous exertions than before.

Meanwhile, in the centre of the engagement, two floating castles incessantly vomited torrents of fire. One of these ships carries Alva, the other bears William. They advance; they avoid each other; at length they join in close contact. At the sight of Alva, whose eye flashes with rage, and seems to dart death in every glance—at that unexpected sight, the Batavians are appalled with horror, and struck motionless.

"Warriors!" cries William to his followers, "direct not your strokes against that enemy: to me alone belongs the glory of encountering him. In conducting him hither, Heaven has gratified my most ardent wishes."

The two chiefs, who are soon to engage in close conflict, seek each other with their eyes, challenge each other with their voices. Their looks pierce through the thick clouds of smoke that envelop them: their nodding plumes meet: their swords clash together, and, emitting sparks of fire at every stroke, spread terror on either side. Thus, on the verge of the forest, the fierce tiger and the formidable lion contend for the same prey; and the death of one of the combatants can alone terminate the bloody strife.

A crowd of warriors separate those great adversaries. Gusman! Albora! Henriquez! your lives are the forfeit of your attempt; you perish by those wounds which William aimed at that enemy. And thou, young Albarosa, the darling object of thy mother's affectionate cares! thou rashly venturest to encounter dangers too great for thy strength and age. The steel which thy hand dares to level against William, is turned aside by Maurice, who deprives thee of life. Thy beauteous head reclines; and the Graces smile on thy countenance even in death.—Thus a blooming flower, the pride of the garden, blasted by the breath, not of Æolus himself enraged, but of one of his young progeny, droops its head, preserves the brilliancy of its colors, and still exhales its rich perfume: soon as the hand is stretched to gather it, the bright tints vanish from its leaves, and they fall withered to the ground.

But, beside these ships, what a dreadful spectacle strikes the eye! A Spanish vessel is assailed by the Batavians: the waves penetrate her opening sides, and the flames, at the same moment exerting their rage against her, dispute with the Batavians the possession of the prey. Such is the fury of the combatants, that they do not perceive the double destruction by which they are threatened, until those hostile elements begin to devour them. Soon as they discover their alarming danger, distracted, seised with horror, they suspend the mortal strife, and vainly implore the assistance of their friends: the abyss yawns beneath them; and the ship and the combatants have disappeared.

(*To be continued.*)

OTWAY *and* MRS. BARRY.

MRS. Barry, who gained so great a reputation in the histrionic art during the reign of Charles the 2nd,

was the daughter of Colonel Barry, whose fortune had been so materially injured during the civil wars, that he could no longer maintain his family in a state of independence. His daughter was educated at the expense of Lady Davenant, with whom she constantly resided, thereby acquiring that knowledge of polished life and manners, from which she afterwards derived so important an advantage. By the advice and recommendation of this lady, when she could not be more than sixteen, she tried the stage; but the disadvantages, under which she laboured, were at first very disheartening.

The encouragement, which French literature received during the reign of Charles the 2nd, was probably not beneficial to our own; since it repressed the exertions of native genius, and imposed upon the nation, especially in domestic composition, a taste not congenial to its character. English authors were oftener indebted for theatrical entertainment, to Racine, Corneille, or Moliere, than to Shakspeare, and our other early dramatists; so that the stage was gradually filled with pieces, which deviated more and more from the chasteness and simplicity of nature. Hence proceeded the romantic attachment to rhyming, or heroic plays cherished and diffused by the writers of that period with little regard to the legitimate end of tragedy: for how seldom can the heart be interested, where the language bears no resemblance to that of nature, and where the characters and sentiments are equally hypothetical!*

At this period, Miss Barry was noticed by the Earl of Rochester, who was soon captivated by her sense, and accomplishments. He had the discernment to prognosticate her future excellence; and ability to remedy, by his judicious instructions, the defects in her pronounciation and delivery, which hindered the display of her powers. His affection for her he retained till his death, with more constancy than might be expected from his character.

About the same time, that charming, but unfortunate writer, Otway, became acquainted with this lady; and his addresses were probably not altogether repelled; but they soon experienced neglect, upon the appearance of a rival so lavishly endowed as Rochester. Otway, however, not daunted by so unpropitious an event, still continued the pursuit; and endured, with as much calmness as his impatient temper would permit, the caprices of a woman who soon contemned him, and whose private life was not very amiable. This disappointment of a passion, which appears to have taken firm hold of his heart, caused him abundance of disquietude; and even gave a tender cast of melancholy to the love scenes of his succeeding tragedies; especially where the subjects of neglect or scorn are introduced. What singularly tended to nourish the flame in his breast, was Mrs. Barry's frequent performance of Monimia and Belvidera. The force and feeling, which she gave to those characters, drew tears from the greater part of the audience; and must have had a romantic effcet upon Otway, who heard his own sentiments delivered in the moving tones of one, whom he so passionately admired. In the first of these characters he himself instructs her how to repel the advances of a libertine. The ardour of his feelings occasionally bursts forth in his letters to her, almost in the language of poetry; for example:

* This was also a very licentious age; the plays of Shadwell, Wycherley, Durfey, and other dramatic writers, are lamentable proofs of it.

'Madam,

'In value of your quiet, though it would be the utter ruin of my own, I have endeavoured this day to persuade myself never more to trouble you with a passion, that has tormented me sufficiently already, and is so much the more a torment to me, in that I perceive it is become one to you, who are much dearer to me than myself. I have laid before me all the reasons, which my distracted condition would let me have recourse to. I have consulted my pride, whether, after a rival's possession, I ought to ruin all my peace for a woman that another has been more blest in, though no man ever loved as I did: but love, victorious love, overthrows all; and tells me that it is his nature never to remember.

'I have consulted too my very self, and find how careless Nature was in framing me: she seasoned me hastily with all the violent inclinations and desires, but omitted the ornaments, that should have made those qualities become me.'

The last passage Otway has thrown into the character of Jaffier, in his subsequent tragedy of Venice Preserved.

"Tell me why, just Heav'n,
Thou mad'st me what I am; with all the spirit,
Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires,
That fill the happiest man? Ah, rather why
Didst thou not form me sordid as my fate,
Base minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens?
Why have I sense to know the curse that's on me?
Is this just dealing, Nature?"

In another part of this letter, he says:

'If I am not odious to your eyes, and if you have charity enough to value the well-being of a man that holds you dearer than you can the child you are most fond of,

"By the sweet pledge of your first softest love,
I charm and here conjure you
To pity the distracting pangs of mine."

Pity my unquiet days and restless nights;—pity the phrenzy that has half possessed my brain already, and makes me write to you thus ravingly. The wretch in Bedlam is more at peace than I am; and if I must never possess the heaven I wish for, my next desire is (and the sooner the better) *a clean swept cell, a merciful keeper, and your compassion, when you find me there.*'

This passage powerfully reminds us of Monimia, when she makes the pathetic appeal to her brother in the Orphan.

"When in some cell, distracted, I shall be,
Thou see'st me lie—these unregarded locks
Matted like furies' tresses—my poor limbs
Chain'd to the ground, and 'stead of the delights
Which happy lovers taste, my keeper's stripes,
A bed of straw, and a coarse wooden dish
Of wretched sustenance—when thus thou seest me,
Pr'ythee have charity and pity for me:
Let me enjoy this thought."

Nothing, however, could incline Mrs. Barry to listen to him. A fever, brought on by pursuing to Dover the murderer of a valued friend, and heightened by his unabated passion, brought this admirable poet, in distressed circumstances, to his grave, at the premature age of thirty-two. Mrs. Barry continued a great favorite of the public, as an actress, many years after the death of poor Otway.

Anecdote of Mr. Pope.

It is remarkable, that the expletive Mr. Pope generally used by way of oath, was, "God mend me." One day, in a dispute with a hackney-coachman, he used this expression. "Mend you!" says the coachman: "it would not be half the trouble to make a new one."

On Economy.

—

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

Economy, though considered as a minor virtue, is productive of the most beneficial effects to society. Its work may be justly appreciated by the evils, which result from the neglect of it. Many a child of want, who now hides his dejected head in the blank scenes of poverty, might, but for the improvidence, and want, of frugality in a parent, have been moving in that happiest of spheres—a respectable competence. Nay, the son of opulence, by not paying due attention to the dictates of prudence, and scorning to practise the virtues of economy, has often launched his skiff on the ocean of dissipation, "while flattering breezes swelled the gilded sails, and music breathed around her soul-enchanting airs," till he has been lured, by the syren song of pleasure, to the whirlpool of destruction.

While indulging these reflections, the hapless fate of a Mr. Servington of Langford Castle, Wilts, recurred to my mind. Born to a rich inheritance, and heir to spacious domains, yet stimulated by youthful ungovernable passions, he sought the midnight orgies of intemperance, and ran the mad career of splendid profusion; till a princely fortune was dissipated, and, as a last resource, his patrimonial estate was brought to the hammer. The produce of this being wasted, to fill up the measure of his wretchedness, he was driven by necessity to solicit a charitable pittance, at the door of the elegant residence, once his own; and, being refused relief by a "pampered menial," he retired from the stately dome, lay down heart broken, and expired under an elm in the park. The muse of Mickle thus records this singular awful event, and the circumstances preceding it.

"Hark, from yon hall as headlong waste purveys,
What Bacchanalian revels loud resound!
With festive fires, the midnight windows blaze,
And fever'd tumult reels his giddy round.

'Tis past—the mansion owns another lord,
The ousted heir, so riotous ere while,
Now stands a suppliant at his wonted board,
Insulted by the base-born menial's smile.

By the base menials taunted from the door,
With anguish'd heart resistless of his woe,
Forlorn he strays those lawns, his own no more,
Unknowing where, on trembling knees and slow;

Till here, beneath an aged elm's bleak shade,
Fainting he sinks—Ah, let thy mind descry,
On the cold turf how low his humbled head!
On yon fair dome how fixt his ghastly eye!

By his mad revels, by his last heart-sigh;
By his bright prospects, chang'd to black despair;
By ev'ry manly virtue's holy tie;
By honour's fairest bloom, Oh, fortune's child, beware!"

The history of genius can furnish many lamentable instances of the evils that flow, from the want of economy. What but this, caused Otway to die literally of hunger; Burns to fall a victim to intemperence, and Savage to perish in a jail? The great Dr. Johnson, in his life of the latter, very pertinently observes that "those, who, in confidence of superior capacities, or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, should be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

The blessings, that wait on a system of proper economy, are apparent also in the humble scenes of life. A few weeks since in a rural walk, I entered the cottage of an industrious peasant, where I was charmed with the decent appearance, and healthy happy countenances of half a dozen promising children, who, with their parents, were partaking of their frugal evening meal. The declining sun darted a farewell ray through the woodbine-environed casement, and gilded, with placid lustre, the happy circle.—In this interesting family, the good effects of economy were clearly exemplified. Industry and frugality walked hand in hand, and Heaven seemed to smile on their honest endeavours. Upon leaving this rustic dwelling, I was ready to exclaim with the poet:—

"The happy peasant there in rural innocence
Lives on, with liberal frugality,
In envied health, to his allotted day:
While peaceful plenty crowns his honest toils,
Nor sighs to see his eve of life descend.
There rapture echoes through the list'ning grove;
Contentment sparkles in the virgin's eye;
And truth and pleasure, harmless mirth, and song
Fill up the happy hours, the same for ever."

Shortly after I was called, by the duties of an office, to visit another cottage, but how unlike the tranquil abode I have just described! Its exterior was forbidding in the extreme. The broken roof presaged a speedy fall, while the shattered wall, and patched window, gave me an unfavourable idea of the improvident tenant. The interior was in unison with the outside. Not a chair was to be seen, but had suffered some dilapidations, and the only solitary table having lost a leg, was supported by the wall. These, and some old broken crockery ware constituted nearly the whole of the furniture. The master of this miserable tenement was gone to the alehouse, in order to join some jolly compeers, who were pouring forth libations to their titular saint, Crispin; while his wife, a squalid looking dirty creature, favoured me with a long detail of her husband's misconduct, and her domestic distresses. At one corner of the room two half naked boys were playing at *taw;* who treated their mother's admonitions, (as she checked them at intervals) with a significant contemptuous smile. Indeed, as is frequently the case with modern mothers,—she was attempting to teach her children manners, at the time they were called upon to practise them.

From what has been advanced, I humbly conceive that the fair readers of the Lady's Magazine, would do well to reflect on the utility of economy. Should they be called by Providence to preside over a family, they will, if they are endued with good sense, be speedily convinced how indispensibly necessary such knowledge is. Many a young lady, who has entered the nuptial scene, destitute of this essential ingredient in the composition of a good wife, has, by her total ignorance of economical arrangements, indulged in a heedless round of extravagance, and thereby brought a husband and rising family to the brink of ruin. Sylvia was the child of an opulent tradesman, who, being blessed with seven daughters, felt it his highest ambition to give them what is termed a genteel education. Her form was elegant, and no expense was spared to adorn her mind with every fashionable accomplishment. In music, dancing, drawing, and ingenious needle work she excelled, and in the French language was quite a pro-

ficient. At length, having acquired all that was thought requisite, she left school, the pride of her governess, and the idol of her parents. Sylvia's personal charms, and mental acquirements soon procured her a crowd of admirers—among the rest, an eminent brewer paid her his *devoirs*, whose polite attentions proved highly acceptable, and paved the way to the temple of Hymen. The priest soon united them in the silken bands of wedlock,

> And mutual love, with soft officious hand,
> Bestrewed with roseate blooms the nuptial scene.

With a lofty disregard of the duty of economy, and a sovereign contempt for all domestic concerns, Sylvia became a wife. She possessed a mind elevated far above the gross sphere of family affairs,—was well initiated into all the minutiæ of modern refinement, but destitute of the useful knowledge how to make a common pudding, or a plain shirt. Hence, an implicit confidence was reposed in her servants, and the charms of music, the attractions of dress, and the fascinating amusements of the theatre engrossed her whole attention: her husband, who was one of those whom Shakspeare calls "a good easy man," was influenced by his dear gay companion, to be a partaker in all her parties of pleasure, to the utter neglect of his business—till his doors were "dammed up with gaping creditors," and his name appeared in *The Gazette*.

Having furnished some instances of the use, and the disagreeable effects, that attend the neglect of economy, I shall conclude by observing, that while, in pecuniary matters, this virtue is so desirable, what an exalted character is the economist of time—one, who duly considers the value of that inestimable blessing, every particle of which is of infinite more worth, than "sands of gold!"

> "Oh catch the present instant, thoughtless youth!
> Imprint the marks of wisdom on his wings;
> 'Tis of more worth than kingdoms, far more precious
> Than all the crimsom treasures of life's fountain.
> Oh let it not elude thy grasp, but like
> The good old patriarch upon record,
> Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee!"— *Dr. Cotton.*

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

MORPETH CASTLE.

The following description is extracted from "The Border Antiquities of England and Scotland."

This ancient baronial edifice is now in ruins, its halls are desolate, and its ramparts are mouldering into dust; its accompaniments of war have crumbled away beneath the withering hand of time, and nothing scarcely remains but a few melancholy vestiges, faintly denoting the martial structure, which once frowned defiance upon the enemies of its lord, and once rung with the merriment of his friends. He, whose mind is imbued with those feelings, which the recollection of past times is so apt to engender; he, who remembers, with kindred emotion, the ages that are gone by, and all the circumstances by which they are endeared to an imagination but slightly tinctured with enthusiasm, cannot investigate, without a sigh, the fallen splendour of knightly and chivalrous periods, cannot retrace, without dejection, even though only in fancy, the era when all that romantic illusion, which then belonged to the profession of arms, shed a sort of elevated character upon it, and which, in modern times, it so essentially wants. Connected with these feelings is the melancholy sentiment, with which we are naturally disposed to view the dilapidated

edifices, which were the chosen scenes of all those feats; and while the reader learns their fate, he indulges in a generous regret, that 'the days of chivalry are gone.'

The castle, whose present and former condition we are now about to record, was distinguished in the feudal ages of our history, as the abode of warriors, rude and unpolished, but dignified by the highest feelings of military and courtly honor. Little remains of it now, however, except an old gate-way tower, and part of the outward wall, which enclosed the area and interior buildings. Its local advantages are derived entirely from nature, being placed on a lofty eminence, about a quarter of a mile south of the town; its southern side is very steep, and washed by the river Wansbeck; the northern side is secured by a deep valley. The tower formerly had angular turrets at the north and south-east corners, with a communication by an open gallery, which was supported by projecting corbels. There is no portcullis. It is built of squared stone; and there are stairs in it ascending to the top, whence there is a most delightful prospect, overlooking the town of Morpeth, and the banks of Wansbeck, where large tracks of woodlands are beautifully disposed. The fort of the castle, which remains, seems to have been the gate-house. Near the tower, north-west of the gate, and about a hundred yards distant, there is a round mound of earth, on a natural mount, whose height is greatly increased by art. It appears to have been raised, not as an outwork or defence to the castle, but by assailants; for it must have been easy to throw from thence, by engines, stones and missile weapons into the interior parts of the fortress, which would annoy the garrison. Perhaps, indeed, according to the modes practised in early times, this was cast up for an opposing fort and *malvoisin* on some blockade.

From the extent of the bounding walls, which are still left standing, and from the traces of former buildings, this castle seems to have been, when entire, a considerable edifice, both for strength and for extent. It appears, likewise, that it was a place of strength as late as the reign of King Charles I. when it was occupied by the Scots army, who, according to a pamphlet printed in 1644, were driven from thence by the Marquis of Montrose, as also from the fortresses of South Shields Durham, Lumley castle, Blytherock, and other places near Sunderland.

There is no record extant, which mentions who was the founder of this castle. Early in the time of the Normans, the baronial seat of the Merleys was here; and, perhaps, they possessed a strong hold upon the very eminence, where the present ruins stand. The tower was built by William Lord Greystock, who lived in the reign of Edward III. as appears by the extracts of that reign. He died at Branspeth, in the bishopric of Durham, in the year 1358, 32d Edward III. He likewise built the castle of Greystock. Surnames were derived from places, and that of Merley was probably derived from their fortress here. By the rolls of Henry V. the barony is called the barony of Marlay, whence it may be inferred, that Merley and Morpeth were places which originally were distinct from each other, the one denoting the hill, and the other the valley. Afterwards, the distinctions merged in the general appellation of Morpeth.

Whatever claims, however, the family of the Merleys may have to be considered as the founders

of this edifice, it is certain that its possession, as well as the estate, came into the family of Greystock, in whose issue it remained till, the male line failing, it was carried into the family of the Davies, about the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII. by Elizabeth, baroness of Greystock, who married Thomas Lord Dacre of Gisland. It afterwards passed, about the time of Elizabeth, into the family of Howard, by the marriage of Anne, one of the last co-heirs of George, the last Lord Dacre, with William Howard, third son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk. It still remains in his descendants, being now the property of the Right Honorable Frederic Earl of Carlisle, a nobleman distinguished no less for his private worth than for his public talents.

AUBREYANA.

THE following article was written by Aubrey, not inaptly called by Mr. D'Israeli, "the Boswell of his day. It is taken from detached scraps in his own hand writing, preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, and forms an appropriate supplement to the "Lives of eminent Characters" from the same pen, which have been recently brought before the public.

Nouvelles.

Jessamines came into England with Mary, the Queen mother.

Laurell was first brought over by Alathea, Countesse of Arundell, grandmother to the Duke of Norfolke.

Mr. J. Gadbury assures me that the first printing in England was in Westminster Abbey; they yet retaine the name, treasurer of the chapell.

Perukes, not commonly worne till 1660.—Mem. There was one Gregorie, in the Strand, that was the first famous periwige maker, and they were then called *Gregorians.* He lies buried by the W. ch. dore of St. Clement's Danes, where he had an inscription which mentioned it. 'Twas in verse, and Sir W. Gregorie (one of the Barons of the exchequer) read and told it me.

The first glasse-coach that came into England was the Duke of Yorke's, when the king was restored. In a very short time they grew common, and now (1681) at Waltham (or Tochnam High-crosse) is sett up a mill for grinding of coach-glasse, and looking glasse much cheaper.

The penny post was set up Anno Domini 1680, a most ingeniose and useful project. Invented by Mr. Murray first (he was clerk of the committee of indempntie) and then Mr. Dockery joyned with him. It was first sett up February 1679-80. Mr. Rob. Murray is a citizen of London, of the company of cloth workers: his father a Scotchman, mother English: borne in the Strand, Anno Domini 1633, christened December 12.

Mr. Theod. Haak saith that the antiquity of pinnes is not above 200 yeares. Before, they used a thorne, or, &c. *more primitivo.* He says, moreover, that he heard the Swedish Ambassador ask two other ambassadors, what they thought was the greatest waste of copper? One said bells, another said cannons.—No, sayd he, 'tis pinnes.

Shoes.—I doe remember in my native county of N. Wilts, the husbandmen did weare high shoes till 1633, common enough — scilicet, half-bootes, slit and laced. The Benedictine Monks wore bootes, I beleeve, like these, at least, half-bootes.

The paper mills at Bemarton, Wilts, is 112 yeares standing (1681). —'Twas the second in England.

A Bristow man, living in Castile, in Spaine, learnt their art of makeing soape, which he first sett up in Bristow—now (1681) 80 and more years since.

Since tobacco brought into England by Sir Walter Raleighe, 99 yeares (1682). The custome whereof now is the greatest of all others.

When I came to Oxford, crucifixes were common in the glasse, in the studies windowes; and in the chamber windowes were cannonized saints (2. 9. in my chamber window, St. Gregorie the Great, and another broken) and scutcheons, with the pillar, the whip, the dice, and the cock; but after 1647, they were all broken; downe went Dagon; now no *vestigiæ* to be found.

The first *Pointe-de-Venice* band that was worne in England, was by King Charles the First, at his coronation. Now 'tis common.

The tradition is, that the bell of Lincolne's Inne was brought from Cales, *tempore reginæ* Eliz. plundered in the expedition under the Earle of Essex.

The Forest *of* Bondy,
or
The Dog *of* Montargis.

(From the French of M. Morlet.)

Since writing the critique in our theatrical intelligence for last month, on the popular piece, lately represented at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, under this title, in turning over the pages of a French author, we found the story, which supplied the materials of that interesting melo-drama; and have translated the curious fact, for the entertainment of our fair readers.

During the reign of Charles the fifth, King of France, says M. Morlet, a gentleman, called Aubri de Moutdier, passing, without any other attendant than his dog, over the Forest of Bondy, was assasinated and buried at the foot of a tree. His dog marked the place, where the body of his master was interred, remained several days near the grave, nor did he quit it till hunger compelled him to go in quest of food. He went to Paris, where he appeared at the house of his unhappy master's most intimate friend, and, by his hideous sorrowful howlings, seemed to announce the loss he had sustained. After he had eaten, he began to howl again—went to the door—turned his head to see whether any person followed, or noticed him—then ran back to his masters friend—and pulled him by the skirt of his coat, as if determined to drag him forward. The singular actions of the dog, his moaning, howling, and above all his coming without his master, whom he was never known to leave—his master's sudden disappearance, and, perhaps, the influence of that just Power, who never suffers crimes to go long unpunished, roused the friend's suspicions, so that he determined to follow the animal. Arrived with some domestics at the foot of the tree in the forest, the dog redoubled his lamentations, and scratched the earth, as a sign for them to search the spot. They began to dig, and soon found the body of the unfortunate Aubri.

Some time afterwards, this dog, perceiving by accident the assassin of his master, (who according to historians, was named the Chevalier Macaire) he flew at him, seized him by the throat, and it was with difficulty the animal was forced to relinquish his hold. Every time he met the murderer, he assailed him with the same fury; so that his inveterate malice was noticed by all who saw the attacks, and considered as a very extraordinary hatred in a

dog to a human being. It recalled to mind the affection always shown to his master, and, at the same time several proofs of the hatred, and envy of Macaire to Aubri de Montdier, which, with other circumstances, increased their suspicions. The king, being informed of these transactions, ordered the dog to be brought to his palace. The animal appeared quite tranquil until the moment in which he perceived the Chevalier Macaire, in the midst of about twenty other courtiers; when he turned, barked, and would again have seized him, but was prevented.

At that time there was a custom in France, when sufficient proof could not be brought to convict a person, nor yet to acquit the culprit, that it should be decided by single combat,* between the accuser and the accused; which combats were denominated "Judgments of Heaven;" because it was imagined that Heaven would interfere in support of the innocent. The king, struck with the united signs and speechless accusations against Macaire, commanded a duel between the Chevalier and the dog, to be fought in a wild uninhabited place, in the isle of *Notre Dame*. Macaire was armed with a great stick, and the dog had a pierced barrel, that he might rest himself when he retreated. The instant the animal was liberated, he ran at his antagonist—avoided his blows—menacing him, first on one side and then on the other, till he fatigued him—then sprang upon him, and seized him by the throat, which he did not quit, till the guilty man had made a full confession of his crime before the king, who sentenced him to death by the hands of the executioner.

A monument is yet preserved upon the chimney-piece of the great hall in the castle of Montargis, recording the memory of this dog, and perpetuating such an instance of fidelity in the canine species.

Anecdote
From a French Paper.

When the allied troops occupied the Bressau, five of their officers entered a chateau, the owner of which was absent. His servant gave them some refreshments. In the meantime the master of the house arrived, and, after apologizing to his guests for their not having met with a reception suitable to their rank, invited them to a splendid dinner. Some excellent wine was served up:—one of the officers asked the master of the house whether that was really the best in his cellar? The latter replied, without hesitation, it was.—"I am, however, convinced," replied the officer, "that you have still better." This incredulity displeased; he was invited to visit the cellar, and accepted the offer. The officer asked for a pick-axe, removed some casks, struck against the wall, and an opening soon appeared, which led into a small secret cellar, where were concealed several casks of wine of the highest value. "Did I not tell you, sir," said the officer, "that there was better wine in your cellar than that which you gave us at dinner?"—"Sir," replied the owner of the cellar, "I pledge to you my word and honour that I had no knowledge of this secret place. I purchased this chateau without having any suspicion of such a vault."—"I can readily believe you," said the officer, "because it was I myself who caused it to be constructed, in order to secrete my most valuable property from those who might possess my chateau during my emigration; and

* In those days a similar custom, prevailed also in England, called "Trial by battle."

to prove it to you, you have only to dig in the cellar, and you will there find gold, silver, plate, and other valuables, which belong to me, and which you have not purchased. I hope you will permit me to take them away."—"Nothing can be more fair," replied the existing owner of the cellar; "that property had no existence for me." The officer loaded two baggage carts with them, and departed, after thanking the host for his honest entertainment.

Dublin Wit.

A Dublin paper stated last month that a certain alderman of that city having been, on his departure lately from a dinner at the Mayoralty House, solicited by a poor woman for charity for herself and five starving children, exclaimed, "D—n you, I would give £50 to be as hungry as any of you."

Another Corporation Joke.

A worthy alderman describing a *grand dinner* at Paris, of three courses and a desert, a byestander observed, it must have been a splendid feast:—"No, sir," cried our connoisseur in cookery, "it was a *beggarly* one, for every thing was done to *rags*."

Singular Criticism.

The illustrious Charles Fox, conversing once with Sir Joshua Reynolds on the merits and demerits of Shakespeare, said it was his opinion that Shakespeare's credit would have stood higher if he had never written the play of Hamlet.

This anecdote was told by Sir Joshua himself to Mr. Northcote.

Anecdote *of* King James *and the* Steeple-Climber.

King James being at Salisbury, a man wanted to do something, as he thought, to merit the attention of his majesty; he therefore climbed up to the top of the spire, and then came down again very safe, which made him talked of by every person, as having done something very uncommon, from the prodigious height; and expecting some royal favor for it, he kept as near to the king as possible; when, being pointed out by some of his attendants, his majesty desired him to come near, and asked him if he was the person!—He answered, yes. "Well," said the king, "thou really art a very clever man—I will give thee a patent for it."

Quaker Anecdote.

A worthy friend was stopped a few miles from town, and robbed.—The highwayman insisted likewise upon his exchanging horses.—When the quaker returned to London, he loosened the bridle over the horse's head, and so followed the dumb creature to his proper stable—when, the quaker addressed himself to the hostler: "Friend, dost thou know any thing of this beast?"—"O yes, sir, it belongs to Mr. such-a-one."—"Well, friend, do thee take care of it." He immediately posted to the house of the tradesman, and was informed he was not expected home till late. The next morning he was sufficiently early in his visit, and waited the gentleman's coming down stairs, when he addressed him thus: "Don't be frightened, friend, thee knowest thee borrowed of me yesterday 9l. 13s. and now I hope thee will have no objection to the return of it." The tradesman immediately complied. "And further," said the quaker, "I must beg thee to exchange horses once more, for, to tell thee the truth, I do not like thine so well as I do my own." This he likewise complied with; when the quaker, after shaking him by the hand, very heartily bade him farewell.

Anecdote of Lord Bolingbroke.

The famous Lord Bolingbroke being at Aix la Chapelle during the treaty of peace at that place, (at which time his attainder was not taken off) was asked by an impertinent Frenchman, Whether he came there in any public character? "No, sir," replied his lordship, "I came like a French minister, with no character at all."

Anecdote of Mr. Garrick.

When this gentleman was in France, being in company with Preville, the celebrated French comedian, and several of the *beaux esprits* of Paris, it was proposed to those great actors to give a specimen of their respective talents; but as their mode of acting must have necessarily been as different as their language, it was suggested that each should perform the part of a *drunken man*, a character where national modes were out of the question, and language was not required.

Preville took the lead, and gave an exhibition which it appeared impossible to equal. Garrick followed, and he was allowed by every one present to have excelled his competitor. No one of the party could discover the precise reason of the English actor's superiority; but while they were scrutinizing the doubtful subject—"I will settle the matter at once for you, said Garrick—Preville's *legs* were not drunk."

Bon Mots.

When the late Duke de Choiseul, who was a remarkably meagre-looking man, came to London to negociate a peace, Charles Townsend being asked, whether the French Government had sent the preliminaries of a treaty, answered, he did not know, but they had sent the *outline of an ambassador*.

A French writer having lampooned a nobleman, was caned by him for his licentious wit; when, on applying to the Duke of Orleans, then Regent, and begging him to do him justice, the duke replied, with a smile, "*Sir, it has been done already.*"

A gentleman being seized with an indisposition, was advised to send for a physician, but he rejected the counsel of his friend, observing that he *wished to die a natural death.*

Remains of Voltaire.

A baker near the Hague, almost at the point of death, said gravely to his nephew: "I feel, my boy, that I shall not be alive to-morrow morning, and that the bread must be carried to market. Lay me out now upon my bed, that nothing may interrupt the business of the house."

In China, only girls perform in the theatre; at Rome, only men. Before a Chinese play a priest recites a form of prayer, and after it there is a supper.

Pride is universal.—A Swiss bailiff said to a Frenchman, "Have you the effrontery to prefer your demands to the bailiff of a canton, and to make yourself his companion?" —A footman comes up ..... 'Your grace's carriage is ready.'...... "Heavens! are you a person of that rank? Do me the honor to be seated!"

Sixtus Quintus being solicited to take a confessor who was a Jesuit, replied, "The Jesuits have more need to confess to me."

A Catholic having composed a book against Mahometanism, intitled "The Mirror of Truth;" a Persian answered it, and intitled his reply "The Polisher of the Mirror."

We should always forget ourselves in society: the subject of *self* never fails to excite the contempt or hatred of mankind.

POETRY.

Ode,

At the Anniversary of Thomson's Birth-day, held at Ednam, on Thursday, Sept. 22, 1814.

I.

Beyond the Cheviot mountains high,
Behold again the annual morn,
Soft dawning o'er th' autumnal sky,
When Thomson, Nature's bard, was born:
'Twas then the Muse with rapture smil'd,
And flung her mantle o'er the child,
And viewed with joy the lambent ray
Of Heaven-born light around him play;
While she the youthful poet led
Along the sylvan banks of Jed;
Bade Nature's beauties charm his ardent soul,
As in succession round the varying seasons roll.

II.

When the mild call of genial Spring
Bids the fair flow'rs and leaves expand,
And zephyrs light, on tepid wing,
Breathe soft along the smiling land,
O'er blooming Nature's wide domain,
Afar he swell'd the dulcet strain,
Fair in his song creation round
Arose, with vernal beauty crown'd:
While, borne on amber pinions bright,
Love sheds o'er all its purple light,
Deludes the youth with soft seductive wile,
Or on domestic life bestows its happier smile.

III.

Now high in Heaven with fervid heat
Refulgent glows the summer sun;
He to the woodland's cool retreat
Retires the scorching rays to shun;
There the bright season to display,
Again he wakes the mighty lay,
In strains sublime, while rolling loud,
The thunder peals from yonder cloud;
With terror seized, the timid maid,
Close to her lover clings for aid,
While wing'd with fate the vollied lightning flies,
Struck in his folding arms the destin'd victim dies.

IV.

But see where o'er the fertile plain
Kind Autumn spreads his bounteous stores;
Rich wave the fields with golden grain,
And plenty round profusely pours.
Now busy o'er the teaming lands
Behold the jovial reaping bands,
Cut down the yellow treasure fair;
Behind, the gleaners pick their share.
With vivid tints, to Nature true,
The joyous scene his fancy drew,
Pour'd forth his song, soft as the Western gale,
And charm'd each feeling heart with young Lavinia's tale.

V.

Erewhile majestic on the storm,
He with sublime sensations saw
Stern Winter's dark terrific form,
On clouds condens'd round Ruberslaw.
While the careering tempest flies
Impetuous through the murky skies
On high his notes resounding soar,
Responsive to the whirlwind's roar:—
Anon—borne on the northern gale,
In mournful accents now they sail,
And bear along, with plaintive wail,
O'er the wild heath the hapless traveller's woe,
Who, far from home, expires amid the drifting snow.

VI.

And now by sacred liberty
Inspired, he swells the exalted strain,
Or bids Britannia's heroes fly
To arms, her honour to maintain!
Then, borne on philosophic wing,
To Newton's mem'ry strikes the string,
While his lov'd patron claims the tear,
Sacred to worth and friendship dear.—
Now, hark, his magic numbers swell,
'Mid bowers where Indolence doth dwell;
While round in soothing murmurs fly
The breeze-wak'd harp's soft symphony,
And now the magic Muse inspires his song
With scenes of soft distress to melt the list'ning throng.

VII.

Sweet poet of the circling year!
Sad for thy death did Scotia mourn,
And still for thee the filial tear
She sheds o'er thy respected urn;
And bids her generous sons entwine
The verdant laurel round thy shrine.

Meanwhile thy chaste and moral page
Shall be revered through every age;
And paint the radiant path you trod,
'Through Nature, up to Nature's God!'
This is the noblest monument of Fame,
And stamp'd with Virtue's seal eternal to thy name.

STANZAS

By Mr. BLAND.

I WOULD not change for cups of gold,
This little cup that you behold:
'Tis from the beech that gave a shade
At noon-day to my village maid.

I would not change for Persian loom
The humble matting of my room:
'Tis of those very rushes twined
Oft pressed by charming Rosalind.

I would not change my lowly wicket
That opens on her favorite thicket,
For portal proud, or towers that frown,
The monuments of old renown.

I would not change this foolish heart,
That learns from her to joy or smart,
For his that burns with love of glory,
And loses life to live in story.

Yet in themselves, my heart, my cot,
My mat, my bowl, I value not;
But only as they, one and all,
My lovely Rosalind recall.

STANZAS *from* WAVERLEY,

Attributed to Walter Scott, Esq.

LATE, when the Autumn-evening fell,
On Mirkwood-Mere's romantic dell,
The lake return'd, in chastened gleam,
The purple cloud, the golden beam;
Reflected in the crystal pool,
Headland and bank lay fair and cool;
The weather-tinted rock and tower,
Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,
So true, so soft, the mirror gave,
As if there lay beneath the wave,
Secure from trouble, toil, and care,
A world than earthly world more fair.

But distant winds began to wake,
And roused the genius of the lake!
He heard the groaning of the oak,
And donn'd at once his sable cloak,
As warrior, at the battle-cry,
Invests him with his panoply.
Then, as the whirlwind nearer press'd,
He 'gan to shake his foamy crest,
O'er furrowed brow and blacken'd cheek,
And bade his surge in thunder speak.
In wild and broken eddies whirl'd,
Flitted that fond ideal world,
And to the shore in tumult tost,
The realms of fairy bliss were lost.

Yet, with a stern delight and strange,
I saw the spirit-stirring change.
As warr'd the wind with wave and wood,
Upon the ruin'd tow'r I stood,
And felt my heart more strongly bound,
Responsive to the lofty sound;
While, joying in the mighty roar,
I mourn'd that tranquil scene no more.

So, on the idle dreams of youth,
Breaks the loud trumpet-call of truth;
Bids each fair vision pass away,
Like landscape on the lake that lay,
As fair, as flitting, and as frail,
As that which fled the autumn gale:—
For ever dead to fancy's eye,
Be each fair form that glided by,
While dreams of love and lady's charms,
Give place to honor and to arms!

A PARODY *on the Song called, The* WOUNDED HUSSAR.

WILLIAM *the* TAR.

ALONE to the verge of the rude roaring ocean,
Maria repair'd, when the tempest was o'er,
"Ye billows" she said, "oh suppress your wild motion,
Blow gently, kind breeze, waft him safe to the shore.
Ah, what do I see? 'Tis my William!" she cried;
In terror she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,
When lo, a pale corse, on the beach she descried,
By the light of the moon—her dear William the Tar!

In his bosom so manly no more beat the heart,
Which glow'd, while he liv'd, with such honor and truth;
And sunk was the eye, from which love shot his dart,
When first fair Maria beheld the dear youth.
How deep was her grief when she view'd the sad sight!
She gaz'd on his face with a look of despair;
"Oh, why have I liv'd to this sorrowful night?"
Cried she, while she knelt by the side of her Tar.

" Haste, haste, cruel Death, and in mercy relieving,
Forbid that Maria should live but to mourn;
I feel the last pang in my bosom is heaving,
Oh, ne'er will the light to Maria return.
Thou joy of my soul, ever tender and true,
Stay, stay thee, dear spirit, O leave me not far"—
She heav'd a deep sigh, and just murmur'd "adieu,"
And expir'd by the side of brave William the Tar.

C. C. Richardson.

Lamentation of a single Woman, *over the Cradle of her* Child.

Sweet infant, glowing are thy cheeks
As is the roseat light of morn;
The tints of health and ruddy life
Thy little round plump face adorn:
The peace of God thy smile reveals,
The calm of heav'n thy bosom beams;
Angels of innocence are nigh
To fan on thee their golden dreams.

Once I was pure and blest like thee,
Knew but affections calm and mild:
My God, why taught'st thou me to love?
O that I yet remain'd a child!
The spirits of those vernal days
Pass me with downcast looks of gloom.
O Innocence! No prayer, no sigh,
Recalls thee from the early tomb.

Thy daughter, Modesty, is fallen low,
A voice of sighing from each echo speaks:
Burst are the bands that Chastity impos'd:
Shame and remorse have bleach'd these cheeks.
An orphan out-cast from my parents' home,
The household circle knows my place no more;
She—once so dear—averts her doubtful look
E'en friendship blushes for the love she bore.

Companions, weep for me; bewail my youth,
You, on whose brows the virgin's chaplet stays;
Remember me when glows the pulse of love,
And let the seraph Virtue guide your ways.
Trust not the flattering lip of treach'rous man:
He'll cast you off with heedless heartless sneers,
And, from the roseate brink of Pleasure's cliff,
Will spurn you into Misery's gulf of tears.

False man, for whom I ventur'd all in life,
That hope could promise or my fate controul;
For whom I would have given the world away,
And the more precious blessing of my soul!
Father, who art in heaven, forgive thy child!
Must chill mistrust o'er ev'ry accent lour?
Is it but to beguile our innocence
That words of praise and tones of passion pour?

Why does my heart recall those fatal hours?
Still the thought vibrates in my quiv'ring breast,
And must, until beneath the yew-tree's shade
This mould'ring frame amid the turf shall rest.
Angel of death and peace, from heav'n descend,
And rid me soon of this internal strife:
Calmer of human sorrow, downward bend
Thy dimmer torch, and quench this spark of life.

Lines,

On being facetiously complimented by a Lady, on having talked her to sleep during an Illness, when Laudanum had failed.

Since, dearest Lady, heav'n hath hung
Such charms narcotic on my tongue,
That when I sit, and softly prose,
Thy wearied eye-lids quickly close;

Oh why, ungrateful, all the while,
Dost thou my simple heart beguile,
And teach, whilst thee to sleep I make,
Myself to pass whole nights awake?

Rondeau

With all my heart I Celia lov'd;
With all my heart implor'd her favour;
Whate'er her youthful fancy mov'd,
With all my heart I got and gave her:

With all my heart I prais'd her charms;
With all my heart forgave her pranks;
And when, at length, she bless'd my arms,
With all my heart return'd her thanks.

Still—still I bow to her decree,
Yea—should it *even* bid us *part*—
Sweet soul! she'll find no change in me,
For still 'twill be—*with all my heart.*

GENIUS.

By Mr. CRABBE.

GENIUS, thou gift of Heav'n, thou light divine,
Amid what dangers art thou doom'd to shine!
Oft will the body's weakness check thy force,
Oft damp thy vigour, and impede thy course;
And trembling nerves compel thee to restrain
Thy nobler efforts, to contend with pain;
Or want (sad guest) will in thy presence come,
And breathe around her melancholy gloom;
To life's low cares will thy proud thoughts confine,
And make her suffering, her impatience, thine.
Evil and strong, seducing passions prey
On soaring minds, and win them from their way;
Who then to vice the subject spirits give,
And in the service of the conqueror live;
Like captive Sampson, making sport for all,
Who fear'd their strength, and glory in their fall.
Genius, with virtue, still may lack the aid,
Implor'd by humble minds and hearts afraid;
May leave to timid souls the shield and sword
Of the tried faith, and the resistless word;
Amid a world of dangers venturing forth,
Frail, but yet fearless, proud in conscious worth,
Till strong temptation, in some fatal time,
Assails the heart, and wins the soul to crime;
When left by honor, and by sorrow spent,
Unused to pray, unable to repent;
The nobler powers, that once exalted high
Th' aspiring man, shall then degraded lie.

Song of DWINA.

By Miss BAILLIE.

WAKE a while and pleasant be,
Gentle voice of melody.
Say, sweet carol, who are they
Who cheerly greet the rising day?
Little birds in leafy bower;
Swallows twitt'ring on the tower;
Larks upon the light air born;
Hunter's rous'd with shrilly horn;
The woodman whistling on his way;
The new-wak'd child at early play,
Who barefoot prints the dewy green,
Winking to the sunny sheen;
And the meek maid who binds her yellow hair,
And blythly doth her daily task prepare.

Say, sweet carol, who are they
Who welcome in the ev'ning grey?
The housewife trim and merry lout,
Who sit the blazing fire about;
The sage a conning o'er his book;
The tired wight, in rushy nook,
Who half a sleep, but faintly hears
The gossip's tale hum in his ears;
The loosen'd steed in grassy stall;
The Thanies feasting in the hall;
But most of all the maid of cheerful soul,
Who fills her peaceful warrior's flowing bowl.

Well hast thou said, and thanks to thee,
Voice of gentle melody!

FISHERMAN'S SONG.

By Miss BAILLIE.

No fish stir in our heaving net,
And the sky is dark, and the night is wet;
And we must ply the lusty oar,
For the tide is ebbing from the shore;
And sad are they whose faggots burn,
So kindly stored for our return.

Our boat is small and the tempest raves,
And nought is heard but the lashing waves,
And the sullen roar of the angry sea,
And the wild winds piping drearily;
Yet sea and tempest rise in vain,
We'll bless our blazing hearths again.
Push bravely, mates! Our guiding star
Now from its tow'rlet streameth far;
And now along the nearly strand,
See, swiftly moves yon flaming brand;
Before the midnight watch is past,
We'll quaff our bowl and mock the blast.

To FANNY.

By C. SIMMONS.

FANNY, when nature call'd thee into light,
The Graces, studious of the eventful hour,

Were near, and each, with smiles divinely bright,
Gave thee some token of her present pow'r.

One shaped th' aerial finger, finely skill'd
To animate the canvas, or the lyre:
One dew'd thy lip with nectar thrice distill'd,
And kindled the soft eye with heavenly fire.

One on thy fragrant breast her cestus tied,
And threw her radiant mantle o'er thy form:
Taught thee with lightest foot the dance to guide,
And with each act to breath some nameless charm.

"Go now, sweet child!" the harmonious sisters said,
Win without toil, and conquer without art:
And while our influence shines around thy head,
Our finer power shall quicken in thy heart."

FASHIONS

FOR

DECEMBER.

Morning Walking Dress.—A round dress, of grey or stone colored French silk, figured with small flowers or sprigs of the same, made high on the neck, with a frill plaiting of ribbon of the same color; the bosom open, the sleeves long, divided at several distances, with tufts of floss silk, the skirt rather short with a trimming of ribbon to correspond with the neck.—Mantle the color of the dress, or scarlet made square, with lapell collar trimmed with a broad border of ribbon, of the same color.—Bonnet of black silk velvet, made high in the crown with full poke front, figured with tufts of let-in ribbon, of scarlet, or yellow, or variegated; a cluster of colored flowers on one side, with trimming of variegated ribbon.—The hair in full curls, in front and sides, with cap of thread lace—an occasional handkerchief of variegated French silk.—Gloves of York tan.—Half boots of colored jean.

Evening Dress.—A robe of light green silk, embroidered at the feet with a broad border of flowers, over which a skirt of Italian gause, made full to fall half way below the knee, in vandyked scolops of French lace—bodice of white satin, made low on the breasts, and shoulders trimmed with scoloped lace to correspond; short sleeves of lace festooned with pearls, bracer of light green ribbon to tie in front.—The hair in full curls on the front and sides, to turn up behind *à-la-Greque*, a wreath of variegated flowers incircling the top.—Necklace and ear-rings of diamonds.—Gloves of white French kid.—Slippers of white satin, with rosettes of silver.

General Observations. Morning Walking Dresses, are generally of white muslin, made high to wear with the pelisse, or of colored silk, for the mantle and cloak order; the most prevailing colors are black, with trimmings of grey, grey with trimmings of the same, stone color with trimmings of the same, sometimes varied to green, or black.—Mantles are more prevailing than pelisses.—Hats are generally of seal fur.—Bonnets of colored velvet, made high in the crown, with full poke, trimmed with variegated flowers and ribbons, ornamented with tufts of colored ribbon; French shawls and scarfs, of various colors, are much worn.—Half boots are general as morning dress.—Gloves of colored kid.

Half Dresses are of figured French silk, made close with long sleeves, the most prevailing colors are brown, grey, or stone color, with trimmings of ribbon of the same.—The hair in full curls in front, with a small cap of thread lace, ornamented with a small cluster of flowers on one side.—Necklace and ear-rings of pearl.—Shoes of black kid.—Gloves of York tan.—An occasional scarf of French silk, with a broad border of flowers.

Evening Dresses are of lace or Italian crape over slips of colored silk, the most prevailing colors are black, grey, green, or shot colors—the robe made a short walking length, rather full in the skirt, confined with small plaits at the waist—the bodice is composed in general of white satin, the bosom and back invariably low, with trimmings of scoloped lace, sleeves very short, festooned to the shoulder strap, with pearls or brilliants—The hair invariably in the Grecian style, ornamented with flowers.—Brilliants are the most prevailing article of jewellery in use.—French shawls and scarfs, of various colors, are the general appendage to the evening dress.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE Opera House will open with renovated splendor in the ensuing season. Mr. Collins, of the Strand, has received an order to prepare a very superb set of chandeliers for the occasion, which are now in progress. Mr. Waters is gone to the continent to raise recruits; among whom he hopes to obtain M. des Hayes. The most celebrated painter of the opera at Paris has three months leave of absence to visit England, for the purpose of painting new scenes and decorations. M. Vestris and his cousin are returned from Paris to prepare for the opening. The former is to be Ballet-master. Two new tenor singers are engaged, and there are hopes of procuring, for three months, the celebrated dancer Mademoiselle Gossolin. She is only 21 years of age, and at present the rage in Paris.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

Oct. 18. Policy, S. Daggerwood, Review.
19. Policy, Blue Devils, Matrimony.
20. Othello, Illusion.
21. Policy, Purse, Woodman's Hut.
22. Othello, Three and the Deuce.
24. Richard III. Irishman in London.
25. Policy, Grandmother, Honest Thieves.
26. Lionel and Clarissa, Ways and Means.
27. Hamlet, Woodman's Hut.
28. Policy, Intrigue, Illusion.
29. Merchant of Venice, Ella Rosenberg.
31. Richard III. Mayor of Garratt.
Nov. 1. Jean de Paris (*first time*), Children in the Wood, Policy.
2. *Ibid.*
3. Riches, Jean de Paris.
4. Illusion, Purse, *Ibid.*
5. Macbeth, Jean de Paris.
7. Richard III. *Ibid.*
8. Macbeth, *Ibid.*
9. Devil's Bridge, *Ibid.*
10. Macbeth, *Ibid.*
11. Castle of Andalusia, *Ibid.*
12. Macbeth, *Ibid.*
14. Richard III. *Ibid.*
15. Fair Penitent, *Ibid.*
16. Devil's Bridge, *Ibid.*
17. Macbeth, *Ibid.*
18. Fair Penitent, *Ibid.*
19. Macbeth, *Ibid.*
21. Richard III. *Ibid.*

REMARKS.

Mr. Kean made his first appearance in the arduous character of Macbeth, on Saturday the 5th of November. So great was the public curiosity that, although an extremely wet evening, every part of the theatre was filled immediately on opening the doors.

Mr. Kean's conception of the part appears, as far as we are capable of judging, most correct. The first act was performed without any great exertion, and totally exempt from rant or extravagance, for which he may be censured as apparently too tame; but Mr. K. is too much a proficient, not to be aware that there must be some parts kept *mediocre*, to bring forward others more brilliantly.

In the second act, the dagger soliloquy was given by him in a manner sublimely interesting; but the part, which exceeds all description, and can only be felt by witnessing it, is when Macbeth comes from the apartment, after murdering Duncan. The ghastly countenance, filled with horror, and the faultering conscience-struck voice when he exclaims "*I have done the deed*," is nature itself; but when, with the most violent expression of grief and deep tone of woe, he utters "*This is a sorry sight*." the auditors knew not how sufficiently to express their admiration at the abilities of the actor. Through the remainder of the play he was equally great, and peculiarly successful, where the messenger enters and informs him that Birnam wood is advancing.

"*If thou speak'st false*
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive
Till famine cling thee—if thy speech be sooth
I care not, if thou dost for me as much."

The whole part was performed, in the truly superior style of his former efforts. The utmost credit must be attached to *Mrs Bartley (late Miss Smith)* for her able personification of Lady Macbeth; also to *Mr. Rae* in Macduff; and every other performer in the piece.—The grand choruses had complete justice done to them by the whole phalanx of musical talent in the theatre. A new overture and symphonies were also introduced, composed by Mr. Charles Horn—it is needless to repeat that they are ingeniously executed. The play, in regard to scenery, machinery, costume, &c. is got up in so superb a style, that every former attempt is left at a great distance; and were Shakspeare to rise from his grave, he could not receive a higher gra-

tification than to behold his drama as it is now performed at Drury Lane Theatre.

On the 9th Nov. Mr. Braham appeared, for the first time this season, in his favorite character of Count Belino in The Devil's Bridge. We were highly gratified to find that the theatre was, on this occasion, attended by a crowded and fashionable audience, who greeted the performance of this admirable singer with applause bordering on enthusiasm.

Miss Walstein, who has so long held the most distinguished place on the Dublin Theatre, made her first appearance in London in the character of Calista, on the 15th Nov. Though her talents will in no degree abate the popularity of Miss O'Neill, she displayed powers of mind, and qualities of organic fitness for the higher characters of the drama, that justly entitle her to commendation. Her face is peculiarly adapted to histrionic expression: it is perfectly Siddonian. Her eye is brilliant and piercing—the eye-brow full and finely arched—the features, when softened to tenderness, bewitchingly seductive—and when animated by indignation, strong and commanding. Her fault is a sententious delivery of the text, more in the style of sonorous recitation than of natural speaking. With a voice truly musical and capable of the finest modulation, its effect on the ear is weakened by the measured and equal distance at which she brings forth the words, and by which the rhythm and harmony of the verse are affected. This was particularly noticeable in the declamatory passages—but where she had to display the vehement or the tender emotions of the soul, her feelings seemed to break through the restraints which habit had imposed on her tongue, and she gave the passages in the scene of violent indignation with Horatio, and of penitent sensibility with her father, in a way to touch the sympathies of the house, and to procure her universal applause.—She has a fine person, and is graceful in her action; but she was tightened up in those long and stiff stays, which not merely deform the shape, but forbid all flexure and articulation in the contour.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

Oct. 18. Maid of the Mill, Forest of Bondy.
19. Venice Preserved, Midas.
20. Maid of the Mill, Forest of Bondy.
21. Venice Preserved, *Ibid.*
22. Coriolanus, Miller and his Men.
24. Romeo & Juliet, Forest of Bondy.
25. Cato, *Ibid.*
26. Venice Preserved, Richard Cœur de Lion.
27. Hamlet, Forest of Bondy.
28. Venice Preserved, *Ibid.*
29. Julius Cæsar, Portrait of Cervantes.
31. Romeo and Juliet, Miller and his Men.
Nov. 1. Wheel of Fortune, Rosina.
2. Venice Preserved, Forest of Bondy.
3. Pizarro, Rosina.
4. Isabella, Spoil'd Child.
5. Julius Cæsar, Midas.
7. Romeo and Juliet, Blue Beard.
8. Wheel of Fortune, *Ibid.*
9. Venice Preserved, Forest of Bondy.
10. Mountaineers, Timour the Tartar.
11. Isabella, Forest of Bondy.
12. John of Paris (*first time*), Day after the Wedding, Timour the Tartar.
14. Romeo and Juliet, John of Paris.
15. New Way to pay old Debts, *Ibid.*
16. Venice Preserved, *Ibid.*
17. Revenge, *Ibid.*
18. Isabella, *Ibid.*
19. John of Paris, Mayor of Garrat, Timour the Tartar.
21. Romeo and Juliet, John of Paris.

REMARKS.

The return of Mr Kemble to the stage on the 22d ult. was hailed by the amateurs of the drama with extraordinary marks of welcome. The most enthusiastic burst of applause on his first appearance expressed the general sentiment of the company. It was a roar of congratulation.—Branches of laurel, woven into the form of a crown, were flung from the pit on the stage, and hats and handkerchiefs were waved from every part of the house.

He made his appearance in Coriolanus, the character of all others for which he is so liberally and so peculiarly endowed by nature. His whole conformation of figure, face, eye, as well as mind and manner, fit him for the delineation of this illustrious Roman. Every gesture and glance—every movement of the body—every sentence that he utters we feel, to the identical import and words that the Roman would have used—and upon no former occasion have we seen Mr. Kemble more animated and striking—more truly classical and yet

more burning than on this occasion. He was more fortunate than ever in his modulation; for he gave to passages and single words a most remarkable emphasis by the adroit inflexion of his voice. We do not think it necessary to descend to minute examples in our report of a performance which has been so often seen with admiration; but we will venture to say, upon the universal suffrage of the audience, that it was never seen to the advantage and with the merit it possessed on that night.

Both theatres performed the same play on the 27th ult. and the amateurs were divided between their attachment to Mr. Kemble and Mr. Kean. Nothing to be sure can be more dissimilar than the performance of these two great actors in this part. We saw them both alternately, but of course in different scenes, and have not the means of comparison in particular passages, except from memory of their acting on previous occasions. They are both impressive, though in different ways; and it is delightful to see this contest of talent, by which the spirit of the drama is maintained, and the attraction of the theatres kept up.

On the 11th instant Miss O'Neill performed the interesting character of Isabella, in which her great predecessor, Mrs. Siddons, gained such merited renown. There is no part in the whole list of dramatic characters better adapted to the peculiar endowments of Miss O'Neill than Isabella. The beautiful form of her person, the simplicity of her pathos, and the sweetness of the tones of tenderness which reach the heart of every auditor, because they evidently spring from her own, qualify her for the representation of this ill-fated heroine of the scene. Accordingly her attractive appearance in her mourning dress at once engaged the most lively interest in every breast, which she sustained throughout; and particularly in the most fervent passages, she was honored with loud and continued bursts of applause.

After a long announcement "John of Paris" made its appearance at this theatre on the 12th Nov. in the form of an opera. The music is partly new, and partly selected from Mons. Boieldieu. It gives a relief to the piece; but neither Miss Stephens's nor Mr. Sinclair's songs are remarkable for their sweetness. A ballad, very well sung by Duruset, was deservedly encored; and the landlord was rendered highly comic by Liston. With regard to language, incident, and acting, this opera is inferior to another translation of the same trifle produced at Drury-lane on the 1st of November. We trust, however, that neither of them will be of long duration; for, if this be the best plot we could procure from the French stage, we had far better put up with British fare, and it would not have caused a vast disappointment, if "*John of Paris*" had remained in his native city.

Books *recently published.*

The Modern Dunciad, 8vo. 5*s*. 6*d*.

The Lady's Fashionable Repository for 1815.

Plain Discourses. By the Rev. W. Butcher, 2 vols. 12mo. 10*s*.

Summary of the History of the English Church, By Johnson Grant, 2 vols. 8vo. 14*s*.

View of Prophecy. By Capt. Maitland, 3*s*. 6*d*.

Dermid; a Poem. By J. Dalton, 4to. 2*l*. 5*s*.

Records of a Noble Family. By Jane Harvey, 4 vols. 12mo. 18*s*.

Alpine Sketches, 8vo. 9*s*.

Rules of Life, 12mo. 8*s*.

Literary Intelligence.

The Rev. T. Morell, of St. Neot, has in the press, a second volume of Studies in History, which will contain the history of Rome from its earliest records to the death of Constantine.

Mr. J. D. Patison is preparing to publish Illustrations of London, in 3 8vo. volumes, with numerous engravings.

Lucien Bonaparte's poem of Charlemagne, both in French and in English, will soon appear, each in a quarto volume, the translation into English rhyme by the Rev. Dr. S. Butler and the Rev. F. Hodgson.

Wm. Blair, esq. is preparing for the press, an enlarged Correspondence between Protestants and Roman Catholics, on the translation, dispersion, and free use of the Scriptures; with select notes from the Rheims Testament and Doway Bible.

A Gentleman well known in the literary world has in considerable forwardness for the press, a complete Version of the Sonnets, Odes, and Pageants of Petrarch, with a copious commentary. He published a specimen in an octavo volume in 1808.

CHRONICLE.

The King's Health. — The following monthly report of the state of the King's health was exhibited at St. James's Palace:

"Windsor Castle, Nov. 5.

"His Majesty has continued for the last month in an uniform state of tranquillity, but without any diminution of his disorder." [*Signed as usual.*]

The Prince Regent means to continue at Brighton till after Christmas, coming up to town only for a day or two at a time.

The Prince Regent is to give a superb ball at the Pavilion. Two waggons, loaded with decorations, have arrived at Brighton for the occasion.

We understand that her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has been received through all her tour with the honors and distinctions due to her exalted rank and situation.

At Cassel her Royal Highness was visited by his Serene Highness the Elector and her Royal Highness the Electress, a Princess of Denmark. She visited the public institutions and conversed with the Professors at the Museum.

At Strasburgh the Duke de Valmy (Marshal Kellerman) received her Royal Highness with great honors, and gave a magnificent fête and a variety of military manœuvres.

Proceeding to Berne, her Royal Highness was visited by her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Anna Petrowna, her cousin, and wife of the Grand Duke Constantine. The daughter also of the Emperor of Germany, her Imperial Highness the Empress Maria Louisa, gave an entertainment in her honor. At Geneva her Royal Highness's society, besides that of many English of the first families and distinguished talents, had the addition of several celebrated authors. After crossing the Semplon, her Royal Highness was magnificently received at the Isola Bella on the Laggo Maggiore, by Count Borromeo, whose beautiful and magnificent residence on the island was splendidly illuminated on the occasion. From Milan Marshal Count Bellegarde sent an escort to the frontier, and the opera house was splendidly illuminated.

Her Royal Highness saw at Milan the Grand Duchess of Baden, her cousin, and many of the literati of the country; after which she went forward to Rome, and on the 31st ult. received the compliments of all the Cardinals. Her Royal Highness was expected to remain there fifteen days, and then to proceed to Naples.

Vienna, Oct 30.—It is affirmed that all the Plenipotentiaries have recognised the title assumed by the Prince Regent of England, of King of Hanover.

The marriage of the King of Prussia with the Empress Maria Louisa is said to be the subject of universal conversation in the Austrian capital.

The *Chronicle du Congrès* observes, "the Archduchess Maria Louisa is to be separated from Napoleon—a grand scheme is on the tapis: an apartment is prepared for her in the palace. The result, when known, will be astonishing—she will not remain Duchess of Parma."

Brussels, Nov. 11. — Private accounts from Vienna state, that the King of Prussia will take the title of Emperor, to place himself on an equality with the Sovereigns of Austria and Russia.

The coronation of the King of France, it is now said, will not take place till next May.

It should seem, from the accounts from Rio Janeiro, that the Prince Regent of Portugal has abandoned all intention of returning to Europe for some years.

Assize of Bread. — Quartern Wheaten Loaf, *November* 2, thirteen pence—*Nov.* 9, twelve pence halfpenny—*Nov.* 16, and 22, the same.

A considerable diminution of our public expenses has been effected. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has announced that they are at present *two millions a month* less than they were last year.

On the 8th Nov. the Prince Regent went in state to the House of Lords to open the Session of Parliament.—The procession was very grand.

Female Coachee.—A new stage coach which lately started from Sunderland to Shields, has attracted crowds of people at both towns, in consequence of the unusual appearance of a corpulent, masculine looking woman, apparently about sixty years of age, who officiates as guard, &c. Her alertness in *looking out* for passengers, and the agility with which she ascends and descends from the top of the vehicle is wonderful. Besides all this, the *lady* professes to be well versed in the *milling* exercise!

Joseph Bonaparte is on the point of purchasing a fine estate of the Duke of Ser-

monetta, near Rome; it is valued at 400,000 Roman crowns.

Italy, Oct. 18.—According to letters from Florence, there is a very constant exchange of couriers between the Isle of Elba and Vienna. They say that Napoleon again insists upon having the society of his wife, and on being himself entrusted with the education of his son.

National Complaints.—The Englishmen at Paris find fault with the *French roast beef;* the Frenchmen in London complain of the *British brandy.*

Hanover, Oct. 21.—Official intelligence was yesterday received from Count Munster, the Hanoverian Minister of State now at the Congress at Vienna, that Hanover has been there raised to the rank of a kingdom.

Brussels, Oct. 30.—The day before yesterday there was a very fine race of English horses, in the plains of Monplaiser, which was favored by the finest weather. The Duke of Richmond, the Hon. Mr. Cavendish, and Captain Hesketh, were umpires of the course.

The dethroned King of Sweden, it is said, is about to quit Italy and return to Germany.

At Warminster, at a wild beast exhibition, a man lately took a little boy in his arms, and unguardedly approached so near the cage of a tiger, that the fierce animal dashed out his claws, caught hold of the child, and would have dragged him into the cage, had not the dress, which was very loose, given way, by which the beast lost his hold, but he tore the garment to the skin.

The number of commitments to the new prison Clerkenwell, since the last Old Bailey Sessions, is no less than three hundred and twenty!

A gentleman, just arrived from Vienna, states, that the greatest attention is paid there to the young Bonaparte, the *ci-devant* King of Rome. There are two coaches and six in attendance upon him, one to carry him to Schoenbrun, and the other to carry him back. The carriages are ornamented with the arms of France and insignia of the Legion of Honor. He is a very fine boy, fair complexion, blue eyes, and a very animated countenance. —When our informant last saw him he was walking, attended by four ladies of quality. He was dressed in mourning, with a cavalry sword at his side.

A necessary Caution at this season of the year.—A young woman of the name of Harvey, aged 18, who resided in Avon-street, whilst eating nuts, swallowed one unmasticated, which, according to the common term, went the *wrong way*, and caused her considerable pain. Every effort to remove it was tried in vain by eminent professional men; the parts inflamed, and she died in a few days.

An India paper contains the trial of one Mahommed Sar Bijuljunge, a native of Serampore, accused of violating the person of Ana Arkele, a married woman, whom he afterwards endeavoured to strangle. In addition to the testimony of the unfortunate victim, the principal witness against the prisoner was his own son —a youth, sixteen years of age, whom he stabbed while in prison, and made a second attempt to destroy during the progress of the trial. Having been found guilty, his atrocious conduct induced the Judge to order him for instant execution. The prosecutrix, though under sixteen, was the mother of three children.

A diamond solitare was lost at the late gala, at Vienna: It was the property of Prince Wenbzel Lichtenstein, and worth 22,000 gold ducats. It was picked up and returned to the owner by a figurante of the opera, who received a reward of 5000 florins.

In the ecclesiastical code of Iceland, the bishop, or even the inferior clergy, are invested with authority to prevent any marriage, where the female is unable to read. This law provides a powerful pledge for the instruction of the rising generation.

Horrid Murder.—Lately, at Winnimoor, near Retford, a poor boy of the name of Kelsey, only ten years of age, who was left to take care of the house whilst the family went to the statute, was most inhumanly murdered about eight o'clock in the evening, by having his throat cut with a razor. The perpetrator of this horrid deed has not yet been discovered.

Madame Catalani sets out shortly for Paris, to pass some of the winter months there, and returns to England, from thence to fulfil the engagements she has entered into here for the summer.

The Spanish war suspended a great trade in French black lace, which is now beginning to revive. The Paris Papers say, that the English ladies at Paris take all the laces and black blond they can find in the Paris shops. It is difficult to supply their numerous demands.

Devonshire Farming.—A few days since a farmer died, who rented a great deal of land in this neighbourhood, and besides other property, bequeathed 25,000*l.* to his eldest son, 25,000*l.* to his

second son, to his third and fourth sons, 10,000*l*. each, and to his daughter, 5,000*l*. The wife of the above farmer has for many years regularly attended the Exeter markets with fowls, butter, and eggs.

The plague this year has, at the lowest computation, carried off 30,000 persons at Smyrna. All Asia Minor, Syria, the Islands, &c. have, in like manner, suffered a loss of one quarter, or one fifth of the whole population. The crops of corn, &c. remain ungathered in the fields, in many places, for want of hands, and several towns and villages have been abandoned. In Smyrna the keys of 800 houses have been delivered to the governor, as many families have been entirely extirpated, and government is heir where there is no near relation.

The beautiful ancient steeple of Thacksted church, in Essex, was lately struck with lightning, so as to be split nearly half way down from its lofty weathercock. A scaffold is now erecting to its summit, in the hope of preventing the necessity of taking it down, by the application of iron cramps.

On Saturday night, the 31st Oct. about half-past nine, as Mr. Kean, the actor, was returning to town on horseback, over Hounslow-heath, two fellows on the path-way attempted to stop him. One presented a pistol, and demanded his money. Mr. K. struck his spurs into his horse, which set forward immediately with such force as to knock the fellow down, and strike the pistol out of his hand. The other fired after Mr. K. but happily missed him.

Halifax, Oct. 1.—The body of the gallant and much-lamented Major-General Ross was interred in St. Paul's Church-yard on Thursday last. The corpse left the flag-ship precisely at three o'clock, under a discharge of half-minute guns, and arrived at the King's Wharf, where it was received by the grenadier company of the 64th regiment, and followed to the grave by all the principal naval and military officers, and a large number of inhabitants.

As Miss Nicholas was riding, a few days ago, on the bank of the Rhymny, in Wales, her horse took fright, and galloped furiously along the road over-hanging the river; her servant endeavoured to come up with her in vain; perceiving that her own horse exerted himself to keep the lead when he heard the other coming up, she made a signal to the servant to check his pace: her own horse, however, continued his course with desperate speed, till she arrived at a place where a rock, fallen from the cliff, occupied half the road: here the animal had scarce room to pass between the rock and the precipice; in the attempt to pass, his hind legs and body slipped down the precipice, while his fore legs only retained hold of the road. In this awful situation, without assistance, or any prospect but destruction, the young lady did not delay a moment to attempt her deliverance from the dangers that surrounded her; she sprang from her seat to a twig that overhung, and regained the road in safety. The horse fell (a depth of 200 feet) into the waters below, and swam to the opposite shore without material injury.

The fashionable gentlemen, who are daily returning from France, bring with them a Parisian bill of fare, which resembles a table-cloth, and consists of two hundred and fifty different dishes.

A Paris paper says—"Fomerly a doll, dressed in all the elegance of Parisian taste, was sent off every week from the borders of the Seine to those of the Thames. Now-a-days all London seems to empty itself in pouring in upon Paris its taste, its adjustments, and its manners. We wish that our ladies would leave alone the long-waisted spencers, and the robes "*en étui de Parapluie*," and adopt only from these beautiful Islanders, their deference to the will of a husband, that respect for themselves, and that strict regard to the decorum of society, which an Englishwoman sometimes pushes even to scruple."

There have been paid into the Exchequer at different periods, between the 5th of January, 1803, and the present time, various sums, amounting together to 3500*l*. and upwards, for conscience sake, by unknown individuals, who have considered themselves debtors to the revenue, principally on account of the property tax.

The reduction of expense in one branch of the ordinance alone, the gun-making contract, at Birmingham, is about thirty thousand pounds per month. A considerable reduction has likewise taken place in the town contract, for the same service.

Nuremberg, Oct. 15.—According to the assurances of two Polish officers, who left Elba on the 11th Sept. and whose passports are countersigned Porto Ferrajo, Sept. 10, Bonaparte seems to enjoy perfect health. On the 1st Sept. having received dispatches from England, he suddenly put a stop to the building of his pa-

lace, which he had hitherto carried on with great ardour. From expressions let fall by the English General Posser, and several Englishmen, it is conjectured that he will be conveyed to England: this in some measure confirms the report that the future residence of Napoleon will be difinitively fixed at the Congress at Vienna. A great many Englishmen go to Elba to see him; he is treated by them with the greatest attention and respect

If we may believe several reports from Naples, measures are observed to be taken there, quite privately, which indicate political change. Thus large quantities of valuables are said to have been sent to London, &c."

Richardson, who keeps the travelling theatres, for the performance of plays at fairs, &c. was lately robbed of the principal part of the receipts of the season as he was packing up his caravan at Charlton Fair: his loss was upwards of 200*l.* in silver, copper, and notes.

Charles Witte, of Lochau, in Germany, the son of Dr. Witte, of Giessen, a lad of 14 years of age, received on the 7th instant the degree of Doctor in Philosophy, and Master of Arts. Herold and Wahlstab, booksellers, in Luneburg, are to publish in a few days a work of his, under the title of "An Introduction to a more perfect understanding of Trigonometry." A work on such a subject, by a Doctor 14 years of age, is certainly one of the most remarkable literary phenomena of the age.

Children murdered by their Parents.—A Coroner's Inquest was held on the 19th instant at Chesterton, near Newcastle, on view of the bodies of Ann Burrows, aged four years, and George Burrows, two years of age, who had been poisoned on the Friday preceding by their mother, Elizabeth Burrows. It appeared that the mother, in company with another woman, purchased a quantity of arsenic, at a druggist's in Newcastle, under pretence of destroying vermin, and that she administered some to the children in treacle, with such fatal promptness that they were both dead three hours after the poison had been purchased. She acknowledged to a neighbour that she administered deadly poison, and seemed much distressed on the occasion. When asked what could induce her to be guilty of such a heinous and unnatural crime, she replied, "I lived in dread lest I should not be able to procure them bread, and we should come to extreme poverty, and distress." The bodies were opened by a surgeon, who found considerable quantities of poison in the stomachs of the children.—The jury returned a verdict—"Died by swallowing poison, administered by the mother."—She has been committed to Stafford gaol.

Meeting of the Princess of Wales, and the late Empress of France.—The following authentic account of some particulars, that attended the meeting of the Princess of Wales and the Empress Maria Louisa, at Geneva, is communicated on the authority of a letter from Dr. H——, the Princess's physician, to a correspondent in this country.—The Dr. says, the Princess, having invited the Ex-Empress to dinner, Mr. C—— C—— and he were appointed to act as gentlemen ushers on the occasion. In the evening he took his seat on a sofa, between the illustrious personages, by their special command. The conversation was carried on with much spirit on the part of the Ex-Empress; and among other subjects, she most feelingly made remarks on the great and sudden changes that had lately taken place, from which her health suffered much. She concluded by giving the doctor a long and particular list of her complaints, requesting his opinion, as a medical man, on the subject. In the course of the evening, the Ex-Empress did the company the honor of singing two Italian airs, remarking, however, that she had no natural taste for music, but *her dear husband* being passionately fond of it, she had, since her marriage, cultivated the science with much assiduity. She then proposed to the Princess of Wales to join her in singing a favorite duet, which was performed by these illustrious personages with considerable feeling and effect. The doctor observes that the Ex-Empress cannot by any means be called handsome, but she has an interesting look.

Horrid Murder.—Tuesday afternoon the 25th of October between four and five o'clock, a barbarous murder was committed on Mr. William Belsham, a cow-keeper, at Maldon, in Essex, in his own cow house, about a mile out of the town. He had gone as usual to milk his cows at the above time to serve his customers with milk in the town. A boy about twelve years of age went to him to get some milk, and as he was returning from the cow-house he met a man getting over a gate, who went towards the cow-house. In a short time after another boy about the same age, at a lone cottage near the

cow-house, heard a violent noise, and a man's voice calling for help, proceeding from the cow-house; soon after he saw a man come out of the cow-house, and walk deliberately away. No more noise was heard to proceed from the cow-house. A few minutes after the boy went into the cow-house to endeavour to ascertain the cause of the noise, when he found the deceased had been barbarously murdered, by his brains being beat out. The boy ran towards the town calling for help, and a number of persons came, but the deceased was quite dead, and there was no doubt that the horrid deed had been perpetrated by a bludgeon, which the man had in his hand, who was seen to enter and come out of the cow-house, and which was found by the side of the deceased. It was ascertained by his distressed and disconsolate family that he had been robbed of his silver watch and steel chain, a one pound Bank of England note, and some silver, supposed to amount to about ten shillings.—On inquiry, from the description of the man, there is every reason to believe that he is a seaman, of the name of William Seymour, a native of Maldon, who had only returned home within these few days, having been discharged from on board the San Juan. He was detected in a robbery about two years since, when he was sent on board his Majesty's ship the Reasonable, where he was discovered to be a deserter from the San Juan, and was sent on board her. The inhabitants of Maldon dispatched persons in all directions in pursuit of the murderer, who was apprehended, and safely lodged in Chelmsford gaol. The coroner's jury, who sat on the body, have brought in a verdict of wilful murder against the prisoner.

A poor fisherwoman, belonging to Whitehills, North Britain, went into the country last week to sell her fish. On her return she was taken in labour upon the road side, and, without any assistance, delivered of two children. She wrapped them up, put them into her *creel* (fish basket) and proceeded homewards. On her arrival, she discovered, to her inexpressible grief, that both the little innocents had died by the way.

Births.

The Countess of Lindsey, of a son and heir.

The Countess of Pembroke, of a daughter.

Lady Thurlow, of a son and heir.

The lady of Sir John Reade, Bart. of a son and heir.

The lady of Sir W. Hunlocke, of a son.

The lady of Sir W. Pole, Bart. of a daughter.

The lady of Sir R. Graham, Bart. of a daughter.

The lady of General Wilder, M. P. of a daughter.

The lady of General Darrock, of a son.

Mrs. Houblon, of a son.

Mrs. P. St. John Mildmay, of a son.

Mrs. Saunders, of a daughter.

Mrs. Corry, Russell Place, of a son.

Mrs. Seabrook, of a daughter, her 26th child

Mrs. Winter, Honiton, of a daughter.

Mrs. A. Goldsmidt of a daughter.

Mrs. Baring of a daugter.

Married.

A. H. Lynch, Esq. to Miss Butler.

Mr. Chard, to Miss Clough.

T. E. Dicey, Esq. to Miss Stephen.

J. Patterson, Esq. to Miss Jones.

Rev. W. Wilson to Miss Garratt.

G. Pink, Esq. to Miss Joyce.

E. W. Dickinson, Esq. to Miss Woodington

Major Parker to Miss Popham.

T. Fitzhugh, Esq. to Miss Godfrey.

C. A. Hudson, Esq. to Miss Martyr.

Rev. F. W. J. Vickery to Miss Sharp.

Mr. Andrews to Miss Tanner.

Mr. Williams to Miss Porter.

J. Milner, Esq. to Miss Splidt.

W. C Clads, Esq. to Miss Troughton.

R. Newman, Esq. to Miss Blackmors.

Deaths.

Rt. Hon. Baroness Conyngham.

Sir R. D. Hildyard, Bart.

Mr. Yearsley, of Trowbridge.

Mr. Astley, Sen. of the Amphitheatre.

Rev. T. Bere, Rector of Bulcombe.

Mrs. Locke, of Devizes.

Miss S. Mason, of New Bridge Street.

Lieut. Col. Rooke.

Mrs. Burne, of Walworth.

Mr. Bolton, of Charing Cross.

Rev. Dr. Coke.

Mrs. Finlay, of Glencorse.

Mr. J. Delafons.

The Widow Schobin, at Solre, aged 104.

T. Ovey, Esq.

Mr. J. Symonds.

Mrs. Carey, of Hampstead.

The eccentric Martin Van Butchell.

Col. A. Park.

At Monheurt, Jean Moustic, aged 115.

F. F. Foljambe, Esq.